

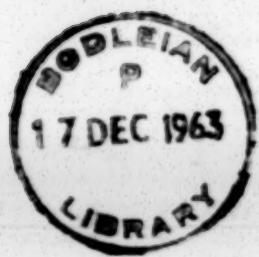
The
B E A U T I E S
of
P O P E.

A New Edition.



CLONDOON:
Printed for G. Kearsley, Fleet Street - 1783.

Price Half a Crown Sewed.



TO

Mrs. HOCKLEY.

MADAM,

HISTORY records, that an indigent *Perſian*, having nothing of value to offer his Emperor, besought the mighty Chief to accept a cup of spring-water, fresh drawn from the fountain by which he passed. The loyalty and affection of the tribute rendered it superior to a sumptuous compliment. I flatter myself,

ii DEDICATION.

the patronage of this selection will not disgrace you more, than the condescension of the Prince affected his greatness. I present it to you, as a grateful return for the many happy and beneficial moments I have passed in attending to your comments on the just merits of its distinguished author ; and have the honour to remain, with the highest respect,

MADAM,

Your most sincerely devoted servant,

The Compiler.

THE
LIFE
OF
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.*

THE very sublime and distinguished Poet, from whose works the following selection is compiled, was born in *London*, *June* the 8th, 1688; where his father was then a considerable merchant. To the satires made upon him, we are obliged for his genealogy, published by himself, wherein he acquaints his controversial enemies, that the Earl of *Downe* in *Ireland* was the head of his family, whose heir married the Earl of *Lindsey*. His mother was *Editha*, daughter of *W. Turner*, Esq. of *York*, who succeeded to the remaining estate of her eldest brother. Her ancestors, like those of her husband, professed the Popish religion. Mr. *Pope*, at eight years of age, was put under the direction of one *Taverner*, a priest, who taught him the rudiments of the *Latin* and *Greek* tongues together. When a child, he took a singular pleasure in composing rhymes, and appeared animated with the *Vis Poetica* from his first infancy. *Ogilby's*

a 2

Homer.

* *Biograph. Britan.* v. 5. folio edit.

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Homer, and *Sandys's Ovid*, were his favourite books, of which the latter preserved an abundant share of his attention and partiality throughout his life. From a predilection for theatrical diversions, he was persuaded to turn the chief events of *Homer* into a kind of play, and disposed of the characters among the upper boys of the Popish seminary, to which he had been removed. The master's gardener performed the part of *Ajax*. Being so unfortunate as to lose, under his two last masters, what he had gained under the first, he retired, at twelve years of age, with his parents, to *Binfield*, in *Windfor Forest*. About this time he wrote his *Ode on Solitude*, the first fruits of his poetical genius. Having perused the writings of *Waller* and *Spenser*, he obtained a sight of *Dryden*, and instantly discovered a congeniality betwixt that poet and himself, which made him abandon the beauties of the two former. So attached was he to the merits of that great man, that he esteemed it his highest happiness to have been blest with the sight of him at a coffee-house. *Binfield*, being near *Easthamstead*, where Sir *William Trumbull* resided, this young and extraordinary genius was introduced to him; and Sir *William* testified every mark of patronage and partiality in his favour. A literary correspondence was preserved between them as long as the latter lived. At fourteen years old he had composed his translation from *Statius's Thebaïd*, and imitations of different *English* poets. At fifteen he had acquired a ready habit in

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in the two learned languages, to which he soon after added *French* and *Italian*. About this time he set about writing his *Alcander*, and the following year executed his *Pastorals*. He communicated these first to Mr. *Walsh*, who recommended to him that correctness, which has so peculiarly marked the harmony of his numbers. In the year 1704, he composed the first part of his *Windsor Forest*, and about the same period formed a design of writing *American Eclogues*, which he afterwards relinquished. Lord *Lansdown* and Mr. *Wycherley* are mentioned as of his earliest acquaintance. *Bolingbroke*, *Congreve*, *Garth*, *Swift*, *Atterbury*, *Talbot*, *Somers*, and *Sheffield*, were much inclined to the cultivation of his esteem at the age of seventeen; an early mark of the unusual merits he discovered. In the correction of *Wycherley*'s poems, (a task consented to at the request of their author) he gave birth to the jealousy of that writer, which was very inconsiderably diminished to the hour of his death. So early as 1708, he wrote his *Essay on Criticism*, a work which equally delighted and astonished the impartial admirers of unprecedented abilities. The delicacy of his constitution prevented him from indulging intemperance and dissipation; and even his mis-shapen form is declared to have been serviceable to the perfection of his talents. By inheriting a fortune that was a decent competency, his studies were facilitated, and his genius unshackled by dependance. Our author excelled no less in the didactic, than the creative arts of poetical imagination. From a

quarrel betwixt the families of Lord *Petre* and Mr. *Fermor*, owing to a *trait* of gallantry in the former, which ended in the loss of Mrs. *Fermor*'s favourite lock of hair, he derived the subject of his *Rape of the Lock*, which he has so beautifully enriched with the best contrived machinery imaginable. A letter which he addressed to the fair *Heroine* on the occasion, is extant in his works, and esteemed far superior to any of *Voiture*. This year he published his *Temple of Fame*, having, according to his usual caution, kept it two years in his study. In 1713, he gave out proposals for the publication of his translation of *Homer's Iliad*. The view of raising an independant fortune appeared to employ his chief attention, being disqualified, by his religious tenets, from holding any place at court. The subscription to his *Homer* was so large, as to exceed his warmest expectation, and remains a lasting honour to the liberality of that æra. Mr. *Addison*, envious of his growing fame, acted a double part on the eve of this production, and secretly, though in vain, attempted to undermine its credit with the court. To hurt him with the *Whigs*, he gave out that *Pope* was a *Jacobite* and a *Tory*, and said he had a hand in writing the *Examiner*. All these shafts of malice were rendered fruitless, by his address in guarding off their venom, and his moderation in scorning to proceed too violently in retaliating their attacks. The success of his proposed translation prevailed with him to part with his little property at *Binfield*, and remove

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move into, or near the capital. With this view, he purchased a house at *Twickenham*, which to this day is considered as a valuable monument of his taste and improvements. His father survived the change only two years, dying suddenly, after a very healthy life, at the age of seventy-five. As a *Papist*, he could not purchase on real security; and adhering to King *James's* interest, he made it a point not to lend to the New Government; so that, though he had been worth near twenty thousand pounds, he left his son with so confined a fortune, that one false step would have been fatal to his finances. In 1717, he published a collection of all the poetical pieces he had written before, and proceeding in the spirit of acquisition, gave a new edition of *Shakespeare* in 1721, which discovered that he had consulted his fortune, in the undertaking, more than his fame. The *Iliad* being finished, he engaged, upon the same plan, to undertake the *Odysssey*. The conditions to *Lintot* were the same, except that, instead of 1200*£.* he had but 600*£.* for the copy. Mr. *Broome* and Mr. *Fenton* had, about this time, entered into a design of translating the *Odysssey*; which, on *Pope's* commencing the same work, they declined, and parted with the unfinished scheme of their joint labours for 500*£.* In 1726, our Poet was employed, with Dean *Swift* and Dr. *Arbuthnot*, in printing several volumes of *Miscellanies*, and about the same time narrowly escaped losing his life as he was returning home in a friend's chariot, which, on passing a bridge, was overturned

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overturned into the river. The glasses were up, and he unable to break them ; but by the assistance of the postillion, he was taken out and carried to the bank, though, by a wound from a fragment of the glass, he lost the use of two of his fingers. In the year 1727, the *Dunciad* appeared in quarto. He had borne the insults of his enemies for ten years, while he had studiously resigned all secondary concerns to cultivate the Muses ; and at length, having ascended the top of *Parnassus*, fell upon his yielding foes with irresistible assault. This poem made its first appearance in *Ireland*, and engaged Dean *Swift* to become our Author's second, under whose auspices it was re-published at *London* in 1728. Sir *Robert Walpole* presented an edition to the King and Queen, and at the same time offered to procure Mr. *Pope* a pension, which he refused with the same spirit as he had a former offer of the kind, made to him by Lord *Halifax*. His letters on that subject are to be met with in his works. This same year, by the advice of Lord *Bolingbroke*, he turned his pen to subjects of morality, and formed the first outlines of his *Essay on Man*. In the course of the two following years, his *Ethic Epistles* made their appearance. The clamour raised against one of these put him upon writing satires, wherein he ventured to attack the characters of many persons of very elevated rank. His supposed reflections on the Duke of *Chandos* incurred the displeasure of the Court ; and, though he used every endeavour to rescue his Poems from their supposed

posed insinuations, he failed of entire success. Lord *Hervey* and Lady *Mary Wortley Montague*, whom he pointedly ridiculed under the names of Lord *Fanny*, and *Sappho*, used every species of influence with the King and Queen to ruin him. This in a very comprehensive letter he much regrets, and inveighs with great acrimony against their unmerited ill-usage. In the year 1739, he entertained some thoughts of undertaking an Epic Poem, which however proved abortive. In the interim, several of his familiar letters having stolen into public without his privacy, he published a genuine collection of them in 1737. About this time he became acquainted with the late Bishop of Gloucester (Dr. *Warburton*) whose commentary on the *Essay on Man* was published with it in 1740. At the solicitation of his Lordship, he added a fourth book to the *Dunciad*, and about the same time declined accepting the degree of Doctor of Laws, offered him by the University of Oxford. Dr. *Warburton* consented to the compliment of Doctor of Divinity; though, when the congregation met for the purpose, the grace passed in the negative. In the year 1743, the whole poem of the *Dunciad* came out, as a specimen of a more correct edition of his works, which he had then resolved to give the public. From an inveterate enmity conceived against Mr. *Cibber*, now Laureat, our Bard promoted him to the throne of Dullness. Various puerile offences have been named as the cause of their animosity, which subsisted with

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with such irreconcileable opposition, as to interest future ages in the admiration of *Cibber's* patience, and *Pope's* revenge. This eminent and incomparable writer had all his life been subject to an habitual head-ach; and that hereditary complaint was now greatly increased by a dropsy in his breast, under which he expired *May* the 30th, 1744, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. His body was deposited, pursuant to his own request, in the same vault with those of his parents, to whose memory he had erected a monument, with an inscription written by himself. Not long before his death, he made his will, in which he constituted Miss *Blount*, with whom he was said to have been sincerely in love, his testamentary heir during her life; and among other legacies he bequeathed to Dr. *Warburton* the property of all such of his works, already printed, as he had written, or should write commentaries upon, and had not otherwise been alienated, with this condition, that they were published without future alteration. This very learned and judicious Critic promised a Life of Mr. *Pope*, and by several advertisements engaged that its execution should be consistent with candor and impartiality. The proposal was left unfulfilled. Sufficient amends have been made, however, for the omission, by Dr. *Warton's* *Essay*, which remains at present the most correct and invaluable record of our Author's principles and taste. Lord *Orrery* says of him, "that, "if we may judge him by his works, his chief "aim was to be esteemed a Man of Virtue." His letters

letters are all written in that style. With regard to his religious prejudices, perhaps a bigoted devotion to the tenets of his parents influenced him to remain within the pale of the *Romish* church. Dr. *Atterbury* endeavoured more than once to convert him, without success. The notions he had embraced, arose not from the consciousness that they were just, but rather were esteemed inviolable from an hereditary observance of them. He regulated their tendency no farther than innocence permitted, and in a letter to M. *Racine*, vindicates his faith from having received any infection from the principles of *Spinoza* or *Leibnitz*.

The failings of humanity fell to Mr. *Pope's* share, not less abundantly than an impartial historian will acknowledge. From ill health he contracted a degree of petulance, which in the instant of his disorder he was unable to correct. This discovered itself most frequently in his behaviour to domestics: yet his honour and generosity thought themselves constrained, till he obliterated the unkindness by a display of ample munificence. When the repast was ended, he usually withdrew from table, leaving his friends for the seclusion of study, or the indulgence of an afternoon's nap. The dignity of a Royal Guest made the alternative one day impossible; and the somniferous habit he had contracted, gaining an ascendancy, he dozed, with unintentional neglect, while the Prince was largely expatiating on the sublime of Epic Poetry. Mr. *Pope's* prose

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prose writings are little less harmonious than his verse; and his voice, in common conversation, was so naturally musical, that he was known, among his familiar friends, by the name of the Little Nightingale. Being a Catholic, he remains without a place in the sacred repository of departed Genius at *Westminster*, where his Epitaph on Mr. *Gay* will supply the defect, and immortalise his honour within the precincts of that venerable pile. To sum up his character in a few words. He was pious, yet no enthusiast; tenacious of his reputation, yet never jealous of another man's; impatient of rebuke, yet ready to accept the offer of reconciliation; an affectionate son, a sincere friend, and a truly honest man. The limits of this selection will not allow a critique on the various merits of his different compositions. To reduce them within the compass of a volume, the bulk of his translations has been omitted, though replete with incomparable excellence, and his original writings alone digested under the most easy and natural heads.

Scans

*Some Particulars concerning Mr. Pope's domestic
Habits and Character.*

“ **T**HE person of *Pope* is well known not to have
“ been formed by the nicest model. He has, in
“ his account of the little Club, compared himself
“ to a spider, and is described as protuberant be-
“ hind and before. He is said to have been beau-
“ tiful in his infancy ; but he was of a constitu-
“ tion originally feeble and weak ; and as bodies
“ of a tender frame are easily distorted, his defor-
“ mity was probably in part the effect of his ap-
“ plication. His stature was so low, that, to
“ bring him to a level with common tables, it was
“ necessary to raise his seat : but his face was not
“ displeasing, and his eyes were animated and
“ vivid.

“ By natural deformity, or accidental distortion, his vital functions were so much disordered, that his life was a long disease. His most frequent assailant was the head-ach, which he used to relieve by inhaling the steam of coffee, which he very frequently required.

" Most of what can be told concerning his petty
" peculiarities was communicated by a female do-
" mestic of the Earl of *Oxford*, who knew him
" perhaps after the middle of life. He was then
" so weak as to stand in perpetual need of female
" attendance; extremely sensible of cold, so that

b " he

“ he wore a kind of fur doublet, under a shirt of
“ very coarse warm linen with fine sleeves. When
“ he rose, he was invested in boddice made of
“ stiff canvas, being scarcely able to hold himself
“ erect till they were laced; and he then put on a
“ flannel waistcoat. One side was contracted.
“ His legs were so slender, that he enlarged their
“ bulk with three pair of stockings, which were
“ drawn on and off by the maid; for he was not
“ able to dress or undress himself, and neither
“ went to bed nor rose without help. His
“ weakness made it very difficult for him to be
“ clean.

“ His hair had fallen almost all away; and he
“ used to dine sometimes with Lord Oxford, pri-
“ vately, in a velvet cap. His dress of ceremony
“ was black, with a tye-wig, and a little sword.

“ The indulgence and accommodation which
“ his sickness required, had taught him all the
“ unpleasing and unsocial qualities of a valetudi-
“ nary man. He expected that every thing should
“ give way to his ease or humour; as a child,
“ whose parents will not hear her cry, has unre-
“ sisting dominion in the nursery.

*C'est que l'enfant toujours est homme ;
C'est que l'homme est toujours enfant.*

“ When he wanted to sleep, he nodded in com-
“ pany, and once slumbered at his own table,
“ while the Prince of Wales was talking of poetry.
“ The

“ The reputation which his friendship gave, procured him many invitations ; but he was a very troublesome inmate. He brought no servant, and had so many wants, that a numerous attendance was scarcely able to supply them. Wherever he was, he left no room for another, because he exacted the attention, and employed the activity, of the whole family. His errands were so frequent and frivolous, that the footmen in time avoided and neglected him ; and the Earl of Oxford discharged some of the servants for their resolute refusal of his messages. The maids, when they had neglected their business, alledged that they had been employed by Mr. Pope. One of his constant demands was of coffee in the night ; and to the woman that waited on him in his chamber he was very burthensome : but he was careful to recompense her want of sleep ; and Lord Oxford’s servant declared, that in a house where her business was to answer his call, she would not ask for wages.

“ He had another fault, easily incident to those who, suffering much pain, think themselves entitled to whatever pleasures they can snatch. He was too indulgent to his appetite ; he loved meat highly seasoned, and of strong taste ; and, at the intervals of the table, amused himself with biscuits and dry conserves. If he sat down to a variety of dishes, he would oppres his

“ stomach with repletion, and, though he seemed
“ angry when a dram was offered him, did not
“ forbear to drink it. His friends, who knew the ave-
“ nues to his heart, pampered him with presents of
“ luxury, which he did not suffer to stand neglected.
“ The death of great men is not always propor-
“ tioned to the lustre of their lives. *Hannibal*,
“ says *Juvenal*, did not perish by a javelin, or a
“ sword; the slaughterers of *Cannæ* were revenged
“ by a ring. The death of *Pope* was imputed by
“ some of his friends to a silver saucepan, in which
“ it was his delight to heat potted lampreys.

“ That he loved too well to eat, is certain; but
“ that his sensuality shortened his life will not be
“ hastily concluded, when it is remembered that a
“ conformation so irregular lasted six and fifty
“ years, notwithstanding such pertinacious dili-
“ gence of study and meditation.

“ In all his intercourse with mankind, he had
“ great delight in artifice, and endeavoured to
“ attain all his purposes by indirect and unsus-
“ pected methods. He hardly drank tea without
“ a stratagem. If, at the house of his friend, he
“ wanted any accommodation, he was not willing
“ to ask for it in plain terms, but would mention
“ it remotely, as something convenient; though,
“ when it was procured, he soon made it appear
“ for whose sake it had been recommended. Thus
“ he teased Lord *Orrery* till he obtained a screen.

“ He

“ He practised his arts on such small occasions,
“ that Lady *Bolingbroke* used to say, in a *French*
“ phrase, that he played the politician about cab-
“ bages and turnips. His unjustifiable impres-
“ sion of the *Patriot King*, as it can be imputed
“ to no particular motive, must have proceeded
“ from his general habit of secrecy and cunning;
“ he caught an opportunity of a fly trick, and
“ pleased himself with the thought of outwitting
“ *Bolingbroke*.

“ In familiar or convivial conversation, it does
“ not appear that he excelled. He may be said
“ to have resembled *Dryden*, as being not one
“ that was distinguished by vivacity in company.
“ It is remarkable, that, so near his time, so
“ much should be known of what he has written,
“ and so little of what he has said: traditional
“ memory retains no fallies of raillery, nor sen-
“ tences of observation; nothing either pointed
“ or solid, either wise or merry. One apoph-
“ them only stands upon record. When an ob-
“ jection raised against his inscription for *Shake-
“ spear* was defended by the authority of *Patrick*,
“ he replied—*borresco referens*—that he would
“ allow the publisher of a dictionary to know the
“ meaning of a single word, but not of two
“ words put together.

“ He was fretful, and easily displeased, and
“ allowed himself to be capriciously resentful. He
“ would sometimes leave Lord *Oxford* silently, no

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“ one could tell why, and was to be courted back
“ by more letters and messages than the footmen
“ were willing to carry. The table was indeed
“ infested by Lady *Mary Wortley*, who was the
“ friend of Lady *Oxford*, and who, knowing
“ his peevishness, could by no entreaties be re-
“ strained from contradicting him, till their dis-
“ putes were sharpened to such asperity, that one
“ or the other quitted the house.

“ He sometimes condescended to be jocular
“ with servants or inferiors ; but by no merriment,
“ either of others or his own, was he ever seen
“ excited to laughter.

“ Of his domestic character, frugality was a
“ part eminently remarkable. Having determined
“ not to be dependent, he determined not to be in
“ want, and therefore wisely and magnanimously
“ rejected all temptations to expence unsuitable
“ to his fortune. This general care must be uni-
“ versally approved ; but it sometimes appeared
“ in petty artifices of parsimony, such as the
“ practice of writing his compositions on the back
“ of letters, as may be seen in the remaining copy
“ of the *Iliad*, by which perhaps in five years five
“ shillings were saved ; or in a niggardly recep-
“ tion of his friends, and scantiness of enter-
“ tainment, as, when he had two guests in his
“ house, he would set at supper a single pint upon
“ the table ; and having himself taken two small
“ glasses, would retire, and say, Gentlemen, I
“ leave

“ leave you to your wine. Yet he tells his friends,
“ that he has a heart for all, a house for all, and,
“ whatever they may think, a fortune for all.

“ He sometimes, however, made a splendid
“ dinner, and is said to have wanted no part of the
“ skill or elegance which such performances re-
“ quire. That this magnificence should be often
“ displayed, that obstinate prudence with which
“ he conducted his affairs would not permit; for
“ his revenue, certain and casual, amounted only
“ to about eight hundred pounds a year, of which
“ however he declares himself able to assign one
“ hundred to charity.

“ Of this fortune, which, as it arose from public
“ approbation, was very honourably obtained,
“ his imagination seems to have been too full:
“ it would be hard to find a man, so well entitled
“ to notice by his wit, that ever delighted so much
“ in talking of his money. In his letters, and in
“ his poems, his garden and his grotto, his quin-
“ cunx and his vines, or some hints of his opu-
“ lence, are always to be found. The great topic
“ of his ridicule is poverty; the crimes with
“ which he reproaches his antagonists are their
“ debts, their habitation in the *Mint*, and their
“ want of a dinner. He seems to be of an opinion
“ not very uncommon in the world, that to want
“ money is to want every thing.

“ Next to the pleasure of contemplating his
“ possessions, seems to be that of enumerating the
“ men

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“ men of high rank with whom he was acquainted,
“ and whose notice he loudly proclaims not to have
“ been obtained by any practices of meanness or
“ servility ; a boast which was never denied to be
“ true, and to which very few poets have ever
“ aspired. *Pope* never set his genius to sale ; he
“ never flattered those whom he did not love, or
“ praise those whom he did not esteem. *Savage*
“ however remarked, that he began a little to
“ relax his dignity when he wrote a distich for
“ his Highness’s dog.

“ His admiration of the great, seems to have
“ increased in the advance of life. He passed
“ over peers and statesmen to inscribe his *Iliad* to
“ *Congreve*, with a magnanimity of which the
“ praise had been complete, had his friend’s vir-
“ tue been equal to his wit. Why he was chosen
“ for so great an honour, it is not now possible
“ to know ; there is no trace, in literary history, of
“ any particular intimacy between them ; nor does
“ the name of *Congreve* appear in the letters. To
“ his latter works, however, he took care to an-
“ nex names dignified with titles ; but was not
“ very happy in his choice ; for, except Lord
“ *Bathurst*, none of his noble friends were such
“ as that a good man would wish to have his in-
“ timacy with them consigned to posterity : he can
“ derive little honour from the notice of *Cobham*,
“ *Burlington*, or *Bolingbroke*.”

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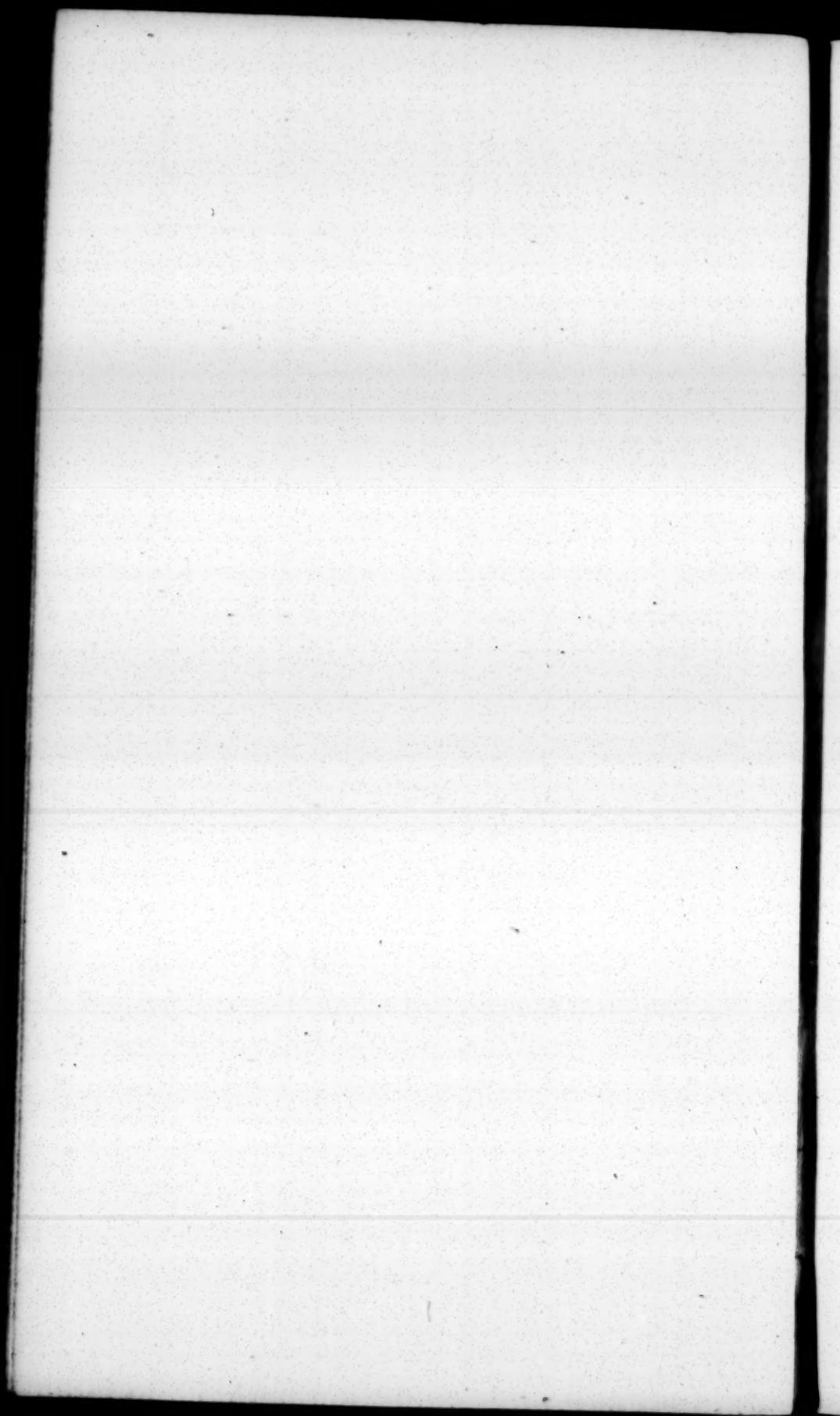
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THE
B E A U T I E S
O F
P O P E.

PASTORAL POETRY.

A PASTORAL is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both; the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions, are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this poem consists in simplicity, brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

A DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL
POETRY, VOL. I. page 4.

B

Yet

Yet it is not sufficient that the sentences only be brief, the whole eclogue should be so too: for we cannot suppose poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

IBID. p. 5.

We must therefore use some illusion to render a pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries. Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way; but a regard must be had to the subject; that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every eclogue. Besides, in each of them a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety. This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and, lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

IBID. p. 5.

THE

THE SHEPHERD'S LAMENTATION.

A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name)
 Led forth his flocks along the silver *Thame*,
 Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
 And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.
 Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
 The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
 The *Naiads* wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
 And *Jove* consented in a silent show'r.

SUMMER, V. I. p. 16.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
 Defence from *Phæbus'*, not from *Cupid*'s beams,
 To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I sing;
 The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
 The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay:
 Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
 The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
 They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
 The sultry *Sirius* burns the thirsty plains,
 While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

IBID. p. 17.

ÆGON'S SONG.

NEXT *Ægon* sung, while *Windsor* groves admir'd;
 Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
 Of perjur'd *Doris*, dying I complain;

B.2.

Here

4 THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

Here where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies ;
While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat ;
While curling smokes from village-tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

AUTUMN, V. I. p. 23.

THE DEATH OF DAPHNE.

THYRSIS.

YE gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring ;
Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring :
Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows as when *Adonis* died ;
And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone :
“ Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,
“ Fair *Daphne*'s dead, and love is now no more ! ”

’Tis done—and Nature’s various charms decay :
See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day !
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours scatter’d on her bier.
See where, on earth, the flow’ry glories lie !
With her they flourish’d, and with her they die.
Ah, what avail the beauties Nature wore ?
Fair *Daphne*'s dead, and beauty is no more !

WINTER, V. I. p. 26.

MES

MESSIAH.

NO more the rising Sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning *Cynthia* fill her silver horn ;
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts : the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains ;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own *Messiah* reigns !

MESSIAH, V. I. p. 36.

WINDSOR FOREST.

THE groves of *Eden*, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song :
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again ;
Not, chaos-like, together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd,
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day ;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.

B 3

There,

6 THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

There, interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
Here in full light the russet plains extend ;
There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
E'en the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And, 'midst the desert, fruitful fields arise,
That, crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles the fable waste adorn.

WINDSOR FOREST, V. I. p. 39.

THE CHACE.

NOW *Cancer* glows with *Phæbus'* fiery car :
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rouze the fleet hart, and cheer the op'ning hound.
Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein,
And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain :
Hills, vales, and floods, appear already crost,
And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,
Rush through the thickets, down the vallies sweep,
Hang o'er their coursers' heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.

IBID. p. 45.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF LODONA.

ABOVE the rest a rural Nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, *Thames* ! the fair *Lodona* nam'd ;
(*Lodona*'s

(*Lodona's* fate, in long oblivion cast,
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)
Scarce could the Goddess from her Nymph be known,
But by the crescent, and the golden zone.
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
It chanc'd, as eager of the chace, the Maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire
Pursu'd her flight, her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves,
As from the God she flew with furious pace,
Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chace.
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the Nymph appears;
Now, close behind, his sounding steps she hears;
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
His shadow, lengthen'd by the setting sun;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on Father *Thames* she calls for aid,
Nor could *Diana* help her injur'd Maid.
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
“ Ah, *Cynthia*! ah—though banish'd from thy train,
“ Let me, oh! let me, to the shades repair,
“ My native shades--~~these~~ weep, and murmur there.”

She

She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
 In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away.
 The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
 For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps ;
 Still bears the name the hapless Virgin bore,
 And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
 In her chaste current oft the Goddess laves,
 And with celestial tears augments the waves.
 Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
 The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
 The wat'ry landscape of the pendent woods,
 And absent trees that tremble in the floods :
 In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
 And floating forests paint the waves with green :
 Through the fair scene roll slow the ling'ring streams,
 Then foaming pour along, and rush into the *Thames*.

I B I D. p. 46.

R E T I R E M E N T.

HAPPY ! next him who to these shades retires,
 Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires ;
 Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
 Successive study, exercise, and ease.
 He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
 And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields ;
 With chemic arts exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
 And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs ;
 Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high ;
 O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye ;

Of

Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
 Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er ;
 Cr wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
 Attends the duties of the wife and good,
 T'observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
 To follow nature, and regard his end ;
 Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
 Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
 Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
 Survey the region, and confess her home !
 Such was the life great *Scipio* once admir'd ;
 Thus *Atticus*, and *Trumbal* thus retir'd.

I BID. p. 49.

T H A M E S.

IN that blest moment, from his oozy bed
 Old father *Thames* advanc'd his rev'rend head.
 His tresses dropp'd with dews, and o'er the stream
 His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam :
 Grav'd on his urn appear'd the Moon, that guides
 His swelling waters, and alternate tides ;
 The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,
 And on her banks *Augusta* rose in gold ;
 Around his throne the sea-born Brothers stood,
 Who swell with tributary urns his flood !
 First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
 The winding *Isis*, and the fruitful *Thame* :
 The *Kennet* swift, for silver eels renown'd ;
 The *Loddon* slow, with verdant alders crown'd ;

Coln,

Coln, whose dark streams his flow'ry islands lave ;
 And chalky *Wey*, that rolls a milky wave :
 The blue transparent *Vandalis* appears ;
 The gulphy *Lee* his sedgy tresses rears ;
 And sullen *Mole*, that hides his diving flood ;
 And silent *Darent*, stain'd with *Danish* blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
 (His sea-green mantle waving with the wind)
 The God appear'd : he turn'd his azure eyes
 Where *Windsor*-domes and pompous turrets rise !
 Then bow'd and spoke ; the winds forgot to roar,
 And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

IBID. p. 52.

P E A C E.

OH, stretch thy reign, fair Peace ! from shore to shore,
 Till Conquest cease, and Slav'ry be no more ;
 Till the freed *Indians*, in their native groves,
 Reap their own fruits, and woo their fable loves,
Peru once more a race of kings behold,
 And other *Mexicos* be roof'd with gold.
 Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
 In brazen bonds, shall barb'rous Discord dwell :
 Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
 And mad Ambition shall attend her there :
 There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
 Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires :

There-

THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

II

There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
And Persecution mourn her broken wheel :
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gasping Furies thirit for blood in vain.

I B I D . P . 55 .

ODE FOR MUSIC ON S T . C E C I L I A ' S D A Y .

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine ! descend, and sing ;
The breathing instruments inspire ;
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre !

In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain :

Let the loud trumpets sound,
'Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound :

While in more lengthen'd notes, and flow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.

Hark ! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear ;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies.

Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes :
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats ;

'Till,

'Till, by degrees, remote and small,
 The strains decay,
 And melt away
 In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
 Music her soft assuasive voice applies ;
 Or, when the soul is pres'd with cares,
 Exalts her in enlivening airs.
 Warriors she fires with animated sounds ;
 Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds ;
 Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
 Sloth unfolds her arms, and wakes,
 Lift'ning Envy drops her snakes ;
 Intestine War no more our passions wage,
 And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

III.

But when our Country's cause provokes to arms,
 How martial music every bosom warms !
 So, when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
 High on the stern the *Thracian* rais'd his strain,
 While *Argo* saw her kindred trees
 Descend from *Pelion* to the main.
 Transported demi-gods stood round,
 And men grew heroes at the sound,

Infiam'd

Inflam'd with glory's charms :
Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,
And half unsheathe'd the shining blade ;
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,
To arms ! to arms ! to arms !

IV.

But when through all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming *Pblegeton* surrounds,
Love, strong as Death, the Poets led
To the pale nations of the dead,

What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts !

Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,

And cries of tortur'd ghosts !

But, hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;
And, see ! the tortur'd ghosts respire ;
See, shady forms advance !

Thy stone, O *Sisyphus* ! stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,

And the pale spectres dance !
The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their
heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow ;
 By the fragrant winds that blow
 O'er th'*Elysian* flow'rs ;
 By those happy souls who dwell
 In yellow meads of Asphodel,
 Or Amaranthine bow'rs ;
 By the heroes' armed shades,
 Glitt'ring through the gloomy glades ;
 By the youths that dy'd for love,
 Wand'ring in the myrtle grove ;
 Restore, restore *Eurydice* to life :
 Oh, take the husband, or return the wife !

He sung, and hell consented
 To hear the Poet's prayer ;
 Stern *Proserpine* relented,
 And gave him back the fair.
 Thus Song could prevail
 O'er Death, and o'er hell ;
 A conquest how hard, and how glorious !
 Though Fate had fast bound her
 With *Styx* nine times round her,
 Yet Music and Love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes :
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !
 How wilt thou now the fatal Sisters move ?
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

Now

Now, under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where *Hebrus* wanders,
Rolling in meanders,

All alone,

Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan,
And calls her ghost,

For ever, ever, ever lost !

Now with Furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst *Rhodope*'s snows.

See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies !

Hark ! *Hæmus* resounds with the *Bacchanals*' cries—

Ah, see, he dies !

Yet e'en in death *Eurydice* he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue ;

Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,

Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And Fate's severest rage disarm ;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please ;
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine *Cecilia* found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.

16 THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th'immortal pow'rs incline their ear ;
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire ;
And angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of *Orpheus* now no more let Poets tell,
To bright *Cecilia* greater pow'r is giv'n ;
His numbers rais'd a shade from Hell,
Her's lift the soul to Heav'n.

VOL. I. p. 59.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

A N O D E.

I.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame !
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame :
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying ;
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond Nature ! cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark ! they whisper ; Angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away !
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,

Drown'd

Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

VOL. I. p. 68.

C R I T I C I S M.

'T IS hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing, or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dang'rous is th'offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense:
Some few in that, but numbers err in this;
Ten censure wrong, for one who writes amiss.
A fool might once himself alone expose;
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In Poets as true Genius is but rare,
True Taste as seldom is the Critic's share:
Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light;
These born to judge, as well as those to write.

Let such teach others, who themselves excel,
 And censure freely who have written well.
 Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true ;
 But are not Critics to their judgment too ?

Yet, if we look more closely, we shall find
 Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind :
 Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light ;
 The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are drawn
 right.

But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
 Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd, }
 So by false learning is good-sense defac'd :
 Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
 And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.
 In search of wit these lose their common-sense,
 And then turn Critics in their own defence.
 Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
 Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's spite.
 All fools have still an itching to deride,
 And fain would be upon the laughing side.
 If *Mævius* scribble in *Apollo's* spite,
 There are who judge still worse than he can write.
 Some have, at first, for Wits, then Poets past,
 Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain Fools at
 last.
 Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
 Those half-learn'd Witlings, num'rous in our Isle
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of *Nile* ;
 Unfinish'd

THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

19.

Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal :
To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain Wit's that might a hundred tire.

ESSAY ON CRITICISM, V. I. p. 73.

THE RULES OF NATURE.

FIRST follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same :
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of Art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides,
Works without show, and without pomp presides.
In some fair body thus th'informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains,
Itself unseen, but in th'effects remains.
Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more, to turn it to its use ;
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.

'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed ;
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed :
The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those

20 THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

Those Rules of old discover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodis'd :
Nature, like Liberty, is but restrain'd
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

IBID. p. 76.

BOLDNESS IN COMPOSITION,

GREAT Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend ;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without passing through the judgment,
gains

The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes, }
Which out of Nature's common order rise, }
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice. }
But though the Ancients thus their rules invade,
(As Kings dispense with laws themselves have
made)

Moderns, beware ! or, if you must offend
Against the precept, n'er transgress its end ;
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need ;
And have, at least, their precedent to plead :
The Critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

IBID. p. 80.

PRIDE.

P R I D E.

OF all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules
Is *Pride*, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd
She gives in large recruits of needless Pride !
For, as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood, and spirits, swell'd with wind.
Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.
A *little learning* is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the *Pierian* spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But, more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise !
So pleas'd at first the tow'ring *Mps* we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
Th'eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last :

But,

But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way ;
 Th'increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes ;
 Hills peep o'er hills, and *Alps* on *Alps* arise !

IBID. p. 81.

C A N D O R.

A perfect judge will read each work of Wit
 With the same spirit that its author writ ;
 Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
 Where Nature moves, and rapture warms the mind ;
 Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
 The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
 But, in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
 Correctly cold, and regularly low,
 That, shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep ;
 We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
 In Wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
 Is not th'exactnes of peculiar parts ;
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
 But the joint force and full result of all.
 Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
 ('The world's just wonder, and e'en thine, O *Rome* !)
 No single parts unequally surprise,
 All comes united to th'admiring eyes ;
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear ;
 The whole at once is bold, and regular.

IBID. p. 82.

TRUE

TRUE WIT.

SOME to *Conceit* alone their taste confine,
 And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line ;
 Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit,
 'One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
 Poets like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
 The naked nature and the living grace,
 With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
 And hide with ornaments their want of art.
 True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd ;
 Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
 That gives us back the image of our mind.
 As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
 So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit ;
 For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
 As bodies perish through excess of blood.

IBID. p. 85.

HARMONY OF EXPRESSION.

BUT most, by numbers, judge a Poet's song ;
 And smooth, or rough, with them is right or
 wrong :
 In the bright Muse though thousand charms con-
 spire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire ;
 Who haunt *Parnassus* but to please the ear,
 Not mend their minds ; as some to church repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there. }
 These

These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire ;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line ;
While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes :
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line it "whispers through the trees :"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep :"
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length
along.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow ;
And praise the easy vigour of a line,
Where *Denham's* strength and *Waller's* sweetness
join.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance ;
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness give offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense :
Soft is the strain when *Zephyr* gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When *Ajax* strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow :

Not

Not so when swift *Camilla* scours the plain,
Flies o'er th'unbending corn, and skims along the
main.

IBID. p. 87.

I M I T A T I O N.

SOME ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town ;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors names, not works, and
then

Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with quality ;
A constant Critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.
What woful stuff this madrigal would be
In some starv'd hackney-sonneteer, or me !
But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens ! how the style refines !
Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought !

IBID. p. 90.

SUCCESSION OF OPINIONS.

SOME praise at morning what they blame at
night ;
But always think the last opinion right.

D

A Muse

A Muse by them is like a mistress us'd,
 This hour she's idolis'd, the next abus'd ;
 While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,
 'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
 Ask them the cause ; they're wiser still, they say ;
 And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
 We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow ;
 Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
 Once School-divines this zealous ifle o'erspread ;
 Who knew most sentences, was deepest read :
 Faith, gospel, all seem'd made to be disputed,
 And none had sense enough to be confuted.
Scotists and *Thomists* now in peace remain,
 Amidst their kindred cobwebs in *Duck-lane*.
 If Faith itself has diff'rent dresses worn,
 What wonder modes in Wit should take their turn ?
 Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
 The current folly proves the ready wit ;
 And authors think their reputation safe,
 Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.

IBID.

DANGER OF WIT.

UNHAPPY Wit, like most mistaken things,
 Atones not for that envy which it brings :
 In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
 But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost ;
 Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
 That gaily blooms, but e'en in blooming dies.

What

What is this Wit, which must our cares employ ?
 'The owner's wife, that other men enjoy ;
 Then most our trouble still when most admir'd ;
 And still the more we give, the more requir'd ;
 Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with
 ease,

Sure some to vex, but never all to please :
 'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
 By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone !

IBID. p. 92.

THE DUTY OF A CRITIC.

'TIS not enough your counsel still be true ;
 Blunt truths more mischiefs than nice falsehoods do :
 Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
 And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
 Without good-breeding truth is disprov'd ;
 That only makes superior sense belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence ;
 For the worst avarice is that of sense.
 With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
 Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
 Fear not the anger of the wise to raise ;
 Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.

IBID. p. 95.

'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
 And charitably let the dull be vain :

D 2

Your

Your silence there is better than your spite,
 For who can rail so long as they can write?
 Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep,
 And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
 False steps but help them to renew the race,
 As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
 What crouds of these, impenitently bold,
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
 Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
 E'en to the dregs and squeezings of the brain;
 Strain out the last dull dropping of their sense,
 And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!

IBID. p. 96.

But where's the man who counsel can bestow,
 Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
 Unbiass'd or by favour, or by spite;
 Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right;
 Though learn'd, well-bred; and though well-bred,
 sincere;
 Modestly bold, and humanely severe:
 Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
 Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;
 A knowledge both of books and human kind;
 Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
 And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were Critics; such the happy few
Athens and *Rome* in better ages knew.

The

The mighty *Stagyrite* first left the shore,
 Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore ;
 He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
 Led by the light of the *Maenian* star.
 Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
 Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
 Receiv'd his laws, and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
 Who conquer'd Nature should preside o'er Wit.

IBID. p. 97.

LONGINUS.

THEE, bold *Longinus* ! all the Nine inspire,
 And bless their Critic with a Poet's fire ;
 An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
 With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just ;
 Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
 And is himself that great Sublime he draws.

IBID. p. 100.

PROGRESS OF POETRY.

BUT soon, by impious arms from *Latium* chanc'd,
 Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd ;
 Thence Arts o'er all the Northern world advance,
 But Critic-Learning flourish'd most in *France* :
 The rules, a nation born to serve obeys ;
 And *Boileau* still in right of *Horace* sways :
 But we, brave *Britons*, foreign laws despis'd,
 And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd ;

30 THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
 We still defy'd the *Romans*, as of old :
 Yet some there were among the sounder few,
 Of those who less presum'd and better knew,
 Wh~~o~~ durst assert the juster ancient cause,
 And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws.
 Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,
 " Nature's chief master-piece is writing well."
 Such was *Roscommon*, not more learn'd than good,
 With manners gen'rous as his noble blood ;
 To him the Wit of *Greece* and *Rome* was known,
 And ev'ry author's merit but his own.
 Such late was *Walp*—the Muse's judge and friend,
 Who justly knew to blame, or to commend ;
 To failings mild, but zealous for desert ;
 The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
 This humble praise, lamented shade ! receive,
 This praise at least a grateful Muse may give :
 The Muse whose early voice you taught to sing,
 Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
 (Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
 But in low numbers short excursions tries ;
 Content, ~~if~~ hence th'unlearn'd their wants may
 view,
 The learn'd reflect on what before they knew :
 Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame ;
 Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame ;
 Averse alike to flatter or offend ;
 Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

IBID. p. 101.

THE

THE SYLPH'S ADDRESS.

SOL through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And ope'd those eyes that must eclipse the day :
Now lap-dogs gave themselves the rousin' shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake :
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the pres'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy rest :
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head.
A Youth more glitt'ring than a birth-night Beau,
(That e'en in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say :

Fairest of mortals ! thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air !
If e'er one vision touch thy infant thought,
Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught ;
Of airy Elves by moon-light shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs !

Hear and believe ! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.

Some

Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd :
What though no credit doubting Wits may give ;
The Fair and Innocent shall still believe.
Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky :
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould ;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air.
Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead ;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of Ombre, after death survive.
For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their Souls retire :
The sprites of fiery Termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a Salamander's name :
Soft yielding Minds to Water glide away,
And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental tea :
The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam :
The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK, V. I. p. 110.

THE

THE TOILET.

AND now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs.
A heav'nly Image in the glaſs appears;
To that ſhe bends, to that her eyes ſhe rears:
Th'inferior Priestess, at her altar's ſide,
Trembling, begins the ſacred rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear:
From each ſhe nicely culs with curious toil,
And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring ſpoil.
This casket *India*'s glowing gems unlocks,
And all *Arabia* breathes from yonder box:
The Tortoise here and Elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the ſpeckled and the white:
Here files of Pins extend their ſhining rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms;
The Fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her ſmiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arife,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs ſurround their darling care;
These ſet the head, and thoſe divide the hair;
Some fold the ſleeve, whilſt others plait the gown;
And *Betty*'s prais'd for labours not her own.

IBID. p. 113.

B E-

B E L I N D A.

NOT with more glories, in th'etherial plain,
 The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
 Launch'd on the bosom of the silver'd *Thames*.
 Fair Nymphs, and well-dress'd Youths, around her
 shone;

But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
 On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those :
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends ;
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
 Bright as the Sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
 And, like the Sun, they shine on all alike.
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
 Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide :
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
 Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
 In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
 With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
 With hairy springes we the birds betray,
 Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey :

Fair

Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And Beauty draws us with a single hair.

IBID. p. 115.

ARIEL's ADDRESS.

AMID the circle on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was *Ariel* plac'd;
His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.

Ye Sylphs, and Sylphids, to your Chief give ear,
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons, hear!
Ye know the Spheres, and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to th' aerial kind.
Some in the fields of purest æther play,
And bask, and whiten in the blaze of day:
Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky:
Some, less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists, in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted Bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide.
Of these the chief the care of Nations own,
And guard with arms divine the *British* Throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care;

To

To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale ;
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs ;
 To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in show'rs,
 A brighter wash ; to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs ;
 Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
 To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow.

This day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair
 That e'er deserv'd a watchful Spirit's care ;
 Some dire disaster, or by force, or flight ;
 But what, or where, the Fates have wrapp'd in night.
 Whether the Nymph shall break *Diana's* law,
 Or some frail China-jar receive a flaw ;
 Or stain her honour, or her new brocade ;
 Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade ;
 Or lose her heart, or necklace at a ball ;
 Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that *Shock* must fall.
 Haste then, ye Spirits ! to your charge repair :
 The flutt'ring fan be *Zephyretta's* care ;
 The drops to thee, *Brillante*, we confign ;
 And, *Momentilla*, let the watch be thine ;
 Do thou, *Crispissa*, tend her fav'rite Lock ;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of *Shock*.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
 We trust th' important charge, the Petticoat :
 Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
 Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale :
 Form a strong line about the silver bound,
 And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever

THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

73

Whatever Spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the Fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his fins,
Be stopt in viols, or transfix'd with pins ;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye :
Gums and Pomatum shall his flight restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain ;
Or Alum styptics with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivel'd flow'r :
Or, as *Ixion* fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
In fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below !

He spoke ; the Spirits from the sails descend :
Some, orb in orb, around the Nymph extend ;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair ;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear :
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate,

I B I D. p. 117.

O M B R E.

BELINDA now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous Knights,
At *Ombre* singly to decide their doom ;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred Nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, the aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card :

E

First

THE BEAUTIES or POPE.

First *Ariel* perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank he bore ;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when Women, wond'rous fond of place.

Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a fork'd beard ;
And four fair Queens, whose hands sustain a flow'r,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r ;
Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band ;
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand ;
And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful Nymph reviews her force with care :
Let Spades be trumps ! she said, and trumps they
were.

Now move to war her fable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy *Moors*.
Spadilio first, unconquerable Lord !
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more *Manillio* forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him *Basto* follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump, and one *Plebeian* card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd,
The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.

Ev'n

Ev'n mighty *Pam*, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!

Thus far both armies to *Belinda* yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th'imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant first her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd King who shews but half his face,
And his resplendent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With througs promiscuous strow the level green.
Thus, when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of *Asia*'s troops, and *Afric*'s fable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of
Hearts.

At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look ;
 She sees, and trembles at th'approaching ill,
 Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
 And now, (as oft in some distemper'd state)
 On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate,
 An Ace of Hearts steps forth ; the King unseen
 Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive
 Queen :

He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
 The Nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky ;
 The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

I B I D. p. 121.

C O F F E E.

FOR, lo ! the board with cups and spoons is
 crown'd,
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round :
 On shining altars of Japan they raise
 The silver lamp ; the fiery spirits blaze :
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
 While *China*'s earth receives the smoaking tide :
 At once they gratify their scent and taste,
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
 Strait hover round the Fair her airy band :
 Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd ;
 Some, o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.

I B I D. p. 124.

THE

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

JUST then, *Clarissa* drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case :
So Ladies in Romance assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers ends ;
This just behind *Belinda's* neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair ;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear ;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew
near.

Just in that instant, anxious *Ariel* sought
The close recesses of the Virgin's thought ;
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd th'ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring forfex wide,
T'inclose the Lock ; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd ;
Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the Sylph in twain ;
(But airy substance soon unites again)
The meeting points the sacred hair disfever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever !

Then flash'd the livid lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th'affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs breathe their last ;
Or when rich China vessels fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring dust, and painted fragments lie !

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The Victor cry'd) the glorious Prize is mine !

I BID. p. 125.

THE CAVE OF SPLEEN.

SWIFT on his footy pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this fullen region knows,
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her penive bed,
Pain at her f.de, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne ; alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd ;
With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and
ncons,
Her hand is fill'd ; her bosom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a tickly mien,
Shews in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,

On

On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for fickness and for show.
The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant Vapour o'er the palace flies,
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise ;
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires :
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and Angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs, on ev'ry side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent ; the handle this, and that the spout.
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod walks ;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks ;
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

IBID. p. 127.

BELINDA's LAMENTATION.

BUT *Umbriel*, hateful Gnome ! forbears not so ;
He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see ! the Nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears ;
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she rais'd ; and thus she said :

For

For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite Curl away !
Happy ! ah ten times happy had I been,
If *Hampton-Court* these eyes had never seen !
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid
By love of Courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land ;
Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea !
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with you:thful Lords to roam ?
O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home !
'Twas this the morning omens seem'd to tell :
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell ;
The tott'ring China shook without a wind ;
Nay, *Poll* sat mute, and *Sbeck* was most unkind !
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of Fate,
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late !
See the poor remnants of these flighted hairs !
My hands shall rend what e'en thy rapine spares :
These, in two fable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck ;
The sister-lock now fits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own ;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
O hadst thou, cruel ! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these !

THE BARON's DEFEAT.

SO spoke the Dame, but no applause ensu'd ;
Belinda frown'd ; *Thalestris* call'd her prude.
To arms, to arms ! the fierce *Virago* cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th'attack ;
Fans clap, filks rustle, and tough whale-bones crack ;
Heroes and heroines shouts confus'dly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found ;
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So, when bold *Homer* makes the Gods engage,
And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage ;
'Gainst *Pallas Mars* ; *Latona*, *Hermes* arms ;
And all *Olympus* rings with loud alarms ;
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue *Neptune* storms, the bellowing deeps resound :
Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives
way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day !

Triumphant *Umbriel* on a sconce's height
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight :
Propp'd on their bodkin spears, the Sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray

While thro' the press enrag'd *Thalestris* flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A Beau and Witling perish'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song.

" O cruel

“ O cruel Nymph! a living death I bear,”
 Cry’d *Dapperwit*, and sunk beside his chair.
 A mournful glance Sir *Fopling* upwards cast,
 “ Those eyes are made so killing”—was his last.
 Thus on *Meander’s* flow’ry margin lies
 Th’expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir *Plume* had drawn *Clarissa* down,
Chloe stepp’d in, and kill’d him with a frown;
 She imil’d to see the doughty hero slain,
 But at her smile the Beau reviv’d again.

Now *Jove* suspends his golden scales in air,
 Weighs the Men’s wits against the Lady’s hair;
 The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
 At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce *Belinda* on the Baron flies,
 With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
 Nor fear’d the Chief th’unequal fight to try,
 Who fought no more than on his foe to die.
 But this bold Lord, with manly strength endu’d,
 She with one finger and a thumb subdu’d:
 Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
 A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
 The Gnomes direct, to ev’ry atom just,
 The pungent grains of titillating dust.
 Sudden, with starting tears each eye o’erflows,
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens’d *Belinda* cry’d,
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side:

(The

(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
 Her great great-grandfire wore about his neck,
 In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
 Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
 Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
 The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
 Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
 Which long she wore, and now *Belinda* wears.)

I B I D. p. 135.

THE LOCK's APOTHEOSIS.

SOME thought it mounted to the Lunar Sphere,
 Since all things lost on Earth are treasur'd there.
 There Heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
 And Beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
 There broken Vows and Death-bed Alms are found,
 And Lovers' Hearts with ends of ribband bound.
 The Courtier's Promises, and sick Man's Pray'rs,
 The Smiles of Harlots, and the Tears of Heirs,
 Cages for Gnats, and Chains to yoke a Flea,
 Dry'd Butterflies, and Tomes of Casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
 Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
 (So *Rome*'s great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
 To *Proculus* alone confess'd in view:)
 A sudden Star it shot thro' liquid air,
 And drew behind a radiant trail of Hair.
 Not *Berenice*'s Locks first rose so bright,
 The heav'ns bespangling with dishevel'd light.
 The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
 And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the skies.

This

This the Beau-monde shall from the *Mall* survey,
 And hail with music its propitious ray.
 This the blest Lover shall for *Venus* take,
 And send up vows from *Rosamonda's* lake.
 This *Partridge* soon shall view in cloudless skies,
 When next he looks thro' *Galileo's* eyes;
 And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
 The fate of *Louis*, and the fall of *Rome*.

Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
 Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
 Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
 Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
 For, after all the murders of your eye,
 When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
 When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
 And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
 This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
 And 'midst the stars inscribe *Belinda's* name.

IBID. p. 138.

FOREIGN INTERMENT.

WHAT can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade!)
 Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
 No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
 Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier:
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,

By

By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd !
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show ?
What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face ?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb ?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast :
There shall the Morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow ;
While Angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.

So, peaceful, rests without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot ;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee ;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be !

ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE YOUNG LADY, V. I. P. 141.

C A T O.

HERE tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,

Such tears as Patriots shed for dying Laws :
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth *Roman* drops from *British* eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What *Plato* thought, and god-like *Cato* was :
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys ;
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While *Cato* gives his little Senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his Country's cause ?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed ?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed ?
E'en when proud *Cæsar*, 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain and impotently great,
Shew'd *Rome* her *Cato*'s figure drawn in state ;
As her dead Father's rev'rend image past,
The pemp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast ;
The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye ;
The World's great Victor pass'd unheeded by ;
Her last good man dejected *Rome* ador'd,
And honour'd *Cæsar*'s less than *Cato*'s sword.

PROLOGUE TO CATO, V. I. P. 143.

ELOISA

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-pensive Contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns ;
What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins ?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat ?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat ?
Yet, yet I love !—From *Abelard* it came,
And *Eloïsa* yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name ! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd :
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies :
O write it not, my hand !—The name appears
Already written—Wash it out, my tears !
In vain lost *Eloïsa* weeps and prays ;
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys..

Relentless walls ! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains :
Ye rugged rocks ! which holy knees have worn ;
Ye grots and caverns, shagg'd with horrid thorn !
Shrines ! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep,
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep !
Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.

All is not Heav'n's while *Abelard* has part,
Still rebel Nature holds out half my heart ;
Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes :
Oh name for ever sad, for ever dear !
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble, too, where'er my own I find ;
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe :
Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom !
There stern Religion quench'd th'unwilling flame,
There dy'd the best of passions, Love and Fame.

Yet write, oh write me all ! that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away ;
And is my *Abelard* less kind than they ?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare ;
Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r :
No happier task these faded eyes pursue ;
To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain ; allow that sad relief ;
Ah ! more than share it ; give me all thy grief !
Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid ;

They

They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
 Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires ;
 The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
 Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart ;
 Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
 And waft a sigh from *Indus* to the Pole.

'Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
 When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name ;
 My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
 Some emanation of th' All-beauteous Mind.
 Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
 Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
 Guiltless I gaz'd ; heav'n listen'd while you sung ;
 And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
 From lips like those what precept fail'd to move ?
 Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love :
 Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
 Nor wish'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man.
 Dim and remote the joys of saints I see ;
 Nor envy them that heav'n I lose for thee..

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
 Curse on all laws but those which love has made !
 Love, free as air, at fight of human ties,
 Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
 Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame ;
 August her deed, and sacred be her fame.
 Before true passion all those views remove :
 Fame, wealth, and honour ! what are you to Love ?

The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all :
Not *Cæsar's* Empress would I deign to prove ;
No, make me mistress to the man I love !

If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee !
O ! happy state ! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law :
All then is full, possessing, and possess'd ;
No craving void left aching in the breast :
E'en thought meets thought, ere from the lips it
part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
And once the lot of *Abelard* and me.

Alas, how chang'd ! what sudden horrors rise !
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies !
Where, where was *Eloïse* ? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard, had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, stay ; that bloody stroke restrain ;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more : by shame, by rage, suppress'd ;
Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay ?

Canst

Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
 When, warm in youth, I bid the world farewell?
 As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
 The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
 Heav'n scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
 And Saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
 Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
 Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
 Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call;
 And, if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
 Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
 Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
 Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
 Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
 Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
 Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
 Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize,
 With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
 Full in my view set all the bright abode,
 And make my soul quit *Abelard* for God.

Ah! think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
 Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
 From the false world in early youth they fled,
 By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
 You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,
 And paradise was open'd in the wild.
 No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
 Our shrines irradiate, or embaze the floors;
 No silver saints, by dying misers giv'n,
 Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited Heav'n;

But

But such plain roofs as Piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
In these lone walls (their days eternal bound),
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day..
But now no face divine contentment wears;
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others pray'rs I try,
(O pious fraud of am'rous charity !)
But why should I on others pray'rs depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all these tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd,
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid:
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding ailes, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy fits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose;
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods..

Yet

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay ;
 Sad proof how well a lover can obey !
 Death, only death, can break the lasting chain :
 And here, c'en then, shall my cold dust remain ;
 Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
 And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah, wretch ! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
 Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
 Afflit me, heav'n ! but whence arose that pray'r ?
 Sprung it from piety, or from despair ?
 E'en here, where frozen Chastity retires,
 Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
 I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought ;
 I mourn the lover, not lament the fault :
 I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
 Repent old pleasures, and solicit new ;
 Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past offence ;
 Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
 Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
 'Tis sure the hardest science to forget !
 How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
 And love th'offender, yet detest th'offence ?
 How the dear object from the crime remove,
 Or how distinguish penitence from love ?
 Unequal task ! a passion to resign,
 For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost, as mine !
 Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
 How often must it love, how often hate ! ♦
 How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
 Conceal, disdain, do all things but forget ?

But

But let heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd ;
 Not touch'd, but rapt ; not waken'd, but inspir'd !
 Oh come ! oh teach me Nature to subdue,
 Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you ;
 Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
 Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot !
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot :
 Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind !
 Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd ;
 Labour and rest, that equal periods keep ;
 " Obedient slumbers, that can wake and weep ;"
 Desires compos'd, affections ever ev'n ;
 Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n :
 Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
 And whisp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams ;
 For her th'unfading rose of *Eden* blooms,
 And wings of Seraphs shed divine perfumes ;
 For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
 For her white virgins Hymenæals sing ;
 To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
 And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
 Far other raptures, of unholy joy.
 When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
 Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
 Then Conscience sleeps, and leaving Nature free,
 All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
 O curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night !
 How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight !

Provoking

Provoking dæmons all restraint remove,
And stir within me ev'ry source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake :—no more I hear, no more I view ;
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud ; it hears not what I say :
I stretch my empty arms ; it glides away.
To dream once more, I close my willing eyes ;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise !
Alas, no more ! methinks we wand'ring go
Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies ;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the Fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain ;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose ;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirit bad the waters flow ;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n,
And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come, *Abelard* ! for what hast thou to dread ?
The torch of *Venus* burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd ; Religion disapproves ;
Ev'n thou art cold—yet *Eloïsa* loves.

Ah

Ah, hopeless, lasting flames ! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th'unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view !
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee ;
Thy image steals between my God and me :
Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear :
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising foul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight ;
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my soul ;
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art !
Oppose thyself to Heav'n ; dispute my heart ;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies ;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears ;
Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs ;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode !
Affit the fiends, and tear me from my God !

No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole ;
 Rise Alps between us ! and whole oceans roll !
 Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
 Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
 Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign ;
 Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
 Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view !)
 Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu !
 O Grace serene ! o Virtue heav'nly fair !
 Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care !
 Fresh-blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky !
 And Faith, our early immortality !
 Enter, each mild, each amicable guest ;
 Receive and wrap me in eternal rest !

See in her cell sad *Eloisa* spread,
 Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
 In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
 And more than echoes talk along the walls.
 Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
 From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound :
 " Come, sister, come ! " (it said, or seem'd to say)
 " Thy place is here ; sad sister, come away !
 " Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
 " Love's victim then, tho' now a fainted maid :
 " But all is calm in this eternal sleep ;
 " Here Grief forgets to groan, and Love to weep ;
 " Ev'n Superstition loses ev'ry fear ;
 " For God, not man, absolves our frailties here." »

I come, I come ! prepare your roseate bow'rs,
 Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.

Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go;
 Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow:
 Thou, *Abelard!* the last sad office pay,
 And smooth my passage to the realms of day;
 See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll;
 Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
 Ah no—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand,
 The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
 Present the cross before my lifted eye,
 Teach me at once, and learn of me, to die.
 Ah, then thy once-lov'd *Eloisa* see!
 It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
 See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
 Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath, be o'er,
 And ev'n my *Abelard* be lov'd no more.
 O Death all-eloquent! you only prove
 What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when Fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
 (That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)
 In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
 Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round!
 From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine,
 And saints embrace thee with a love like mine!

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
 And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
 Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
 When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
 If ever Chance two wand'ring lovers brings
 To *Paraclete*'s white walls and silver springs,
 O'er

O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
 And drink the falling tears each other sheds ;
 Then fadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
 " Oh may we never love as these have lov'd !"
 From the full choir, when loud Hosannas rise,
 And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice ;
 Amid that scene, if some relenting eye
 Glance on the stone where our cold reliques lie,
 Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,
 One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.
 And, sure, if Fate some future bard shall join
 In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
 Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore
 And image charms he must behold no more ;
 Such if there be, who loves so long, so well ;
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell !
 The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost ;
 He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em moft.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

O'ER the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
 Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
 Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
 Or billows murmur'ring on the hollow shore ;
 Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
 Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd.
 High on a rock of Ice the structure lay,
 Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way :

The wond'rous rock like *Parian* marble shone,
And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone.
Inscriptions here of various Names I view'd,
The greater part by hostile Time subdu'd ;
Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
And Poets once had promis'd they should last.
Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of Wits renown'd ;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place :
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
But felt th'approaches of too warm a sun ;
For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by Envy than excess of Praise,
Yet part no injuries of Heav'n could feel,
Like crystal faithful to the graving steel :
The rock's high summit, in the Temple's shade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade :
Their names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past,
From time's first birth, with time itself shall last ;
These, ever new, nor subject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.

So *Zembla's* rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast ;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on th'impassive ice the lightnings play ;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop th'incumbent sky :

As

As *Atlas* fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thousand years :
On this foundation Fame's high temple stands ;
Stupendous pile ! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud *Rome* or artful *Greece* beheld,
Or elder *Babylon*, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
Of various structure, but of equal grace ;
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the diff'rent quarters of the sky.
Here fabled Chiefs, in darker ages born,
Or Worthies old, whom arts or arms adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace ;
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And Legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
On *Doric* pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
In shaggy spoils here *Tbeesus* was beheld,
And *Perseus* dreadful with *Minerva*'s shield :
There great *Alcides*, stooping with his toil,
Rests on his club, and holds th'*Hesperian* spoil :
Here *Orpheus* sings ; trees, moving to the sound,
Start from their roots, and form a shade around :
Ampbion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and behold a sudden *Thebes* aspire !
Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall :

There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,
 The domes swell up, the wid'ning arches bend,
 The growing tow'rs like exhalations rise,
 And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The Eastern front was glorious to behold,
 With di'monds flaming, and Barbaric gold.
 There *Ninus* shone, who spread th' *Affrian* fame,
 And the great founder of the *Perian* name :
 There in long robes the royal *Magi* stand,
 Grave *Zoroaster* waves the circling wand :
 The sage *Chaldæus* rob'd in white appear'd ;
 And *Bracmans*, deep in desert woods rever'd :
 These stopp'd the Moon, and call'd th'unbody'd
 shades
 To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades ;
 Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
 And airy spectres skim before their eyes ;
 Of Talismans and Sigils knew the pow'r,
 And careful watch'd the Planetary hour.
 Superior, and alone, *Confucius* stood,
 Who taught that useful science, to be good.

But, on the South, a long majestic race
 Of *Egypt's* Priests the gilded niches grace,
 Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
 And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
 High on his car *Sesostris* struck my view,
 Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew :
 His hands a bow and pointed jav'lin hold ;
 His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.

Between the statues Obelisks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with Hieroglyphics grac'd.

Of *Gotbic* structure was the Northern side,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride.
There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,
And *Runic* characters were grav'd around.
There sat *Zamolxis* with erected eyes,
And *Odin* here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of *Scytbian* heroes stood,
Druids and Bards (their once loud harps unstrung)
And youths that dy'd to be by Poets sung.
These, and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a lasting name,
In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face;
The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
Which o'er each object casting various dies,
Enlarges some, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,
For thus romantic fame increases all.

The Temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold,
Rais'd on a thousand pillars wreath'd around
With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd:
Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
The friezes gold, and gold the capitals:
As Heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.

Full

63 THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
The sage Historians in white garments wait ;
Grav'd o'er their seats, the form of Time was
found,
His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.

TEMPLE OF FAME, V. I. p. 182.

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire ;
Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the first the mighty *Homer* shone ;
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne :
Father of verse ! in holy fillets dreft,
His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast :
Though blind, a boldness in his looks appears ;
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of *Troy* were round the pillar seen :
Here fierce *Tydides* wounds the *Cyprian* Queen ;
Here *He&tor* glorious from *Patroclus'* fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the *Trojan* wall.
Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire ;
A strong expression most he seem'd t'affect,
And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd ;
Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part
With patient touches of unweary'd art :

The

The *Mantuan* there in sober triumph sat,
Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate :
On *Homer* still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.
In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The *Latian* wars, and haughty *Turnus* dead ;
Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre ;
Aeneas bending with his aged Sire ;
Troy flam'd in burning gold ; and o'er the throne
ARMS AND THE MAN in golden cyphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for
flight :

Here, like some furious prophet, *Pindar* rode,
And seem'd to labour with th'inspiring God.
Across the harp a careless hand he strings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
The figur'd games of *Greece* the column grace,
Neptune and *Jove* survey the rapid race.
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run ;
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone :
The champions in distorted postures threat ;
And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy *Horace* tun'd th'*Ausonian* lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd *Pindar's* fire ;
Pleas'd with *Alcaeus'* manly rage t'infuse
The softer spirit of the *Sapphic* Muse.
The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace ;
A work outlasting monumental brafs.

Here

Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian star, and great *Augustus* here :
The Doves, that round the infant Poet spread
Myrtles and bays, hang hov'ring o'er his head.

Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sate, fix'd in thought, the mighty *Stagyrite* :
His sacred head a radiant Zodiac crown'd ;
And various animals his sides surround :
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all Nature through.

With equal rays immortal *Tully* shone ;
The *Roman* Rostra deck'd the Consul's throne :
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand :
Behind, *Rome's* Genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great Father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,
Q'er which a pompous dome invades the skies :
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great :
The vivid em'ralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies shew their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne ;

The

The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height ;
But swell'd to larger size the more I gaz'd,
'Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd :
With her, the Temple ev'ry moment grew,
And ampler vistas open'd to my view :
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long ailes extend.
Such was her form as ancient Bards have told,
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold ;
A thousand busy tongues the Goddess bears,
And thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning
ears.

Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine :
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing ;
For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string :
With Time's first birth began the heav'ly lays,
And last, eternal, through the length of days.

Around these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the Temple shook ;
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall :
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard ;
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd ;
Thick as the bees, that with the Spring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,

When

When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
Or settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.

Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddess bend ;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
And boasting youth, and narrative old-age.
Their pleas were diff'rent, their request the same ;
For good and bad alike are fond of fame.

Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours
crown'd ;

Unlike successes equal merits found.

Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And undiscerning scatters crowns and chains.

First at the shrine the Learned world appear,
And to the Goddess thus prefer their pray'r.
Leng have we sought t'instruct and please man-kind,

With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind ;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne :
On Wit and Learning the just prize bestow ;
For Fame is all we must expect below.

The Goddess heard, and bad the Muses raise
The golden Trumpet of eternal Praife :
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound
That fills the circuit of the world around ;

Not

Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud ;
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud :
By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread ;
Less fragrant scents th'unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in *Arabian* gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane.
Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just Goddes, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th'exact intrinsic worth.
Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd,
(Said Fame) but high above desert renown'd :
Let fuller notes th'applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise.

This band dismisi'd, behold another croud
Prefer the same request, and lowly bow'd ;
The constant tenour of whose well-spent days
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.
But straight the direful Trump of Slander sounds ;
Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds ;
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report through ev'ry region flies,
In ev'ry ear incessant rumours rung,
And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.

From the black Trumpet's rusty concave broke
 Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke :
 The pois'nous vapour blots the purple skies,
 And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
 And proud defiance in their looks they bore :
 For thee, (they cry'd) amidst alarms and strife,
 We fail'd in tempests down the stream of life ;
 For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
 And swam to empire through the purple flood.
 Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own ;
 What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.
 Ambitious fools ! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd)
 Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd ;
 There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
 Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown !
 A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my
 sight,
 And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen ;
 Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.
 Great Idol of Mankind ! we neither claim
 The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame ;
 But safe in deserts from th'applause of men,
 Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.
 'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
 Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.
 O let us still the secret joy partake,
 To follow Virtue e'en for Virtue's sake.

And

And live there men who slight immortal Fame ?
 Who then with incense shall adore our name ?
 But, mortals ! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
 To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
 Rise ! Muses, rise ! add all your tuneful breath ;
 These must not sleep in darkness and in death.
 She said : in air the trembling music floats,
 And on the winds triumphant swell the notes ;
 So soft, though high, so loud, and yet so clear,
 E'en list'ning Angels lean from Heav'n to hear.
 To furthest shores th'ambrosial spirit flies,
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,
 With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry
 dress'd :

Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and see
 The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry ;
 Our's is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
 Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days.
 Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
 To pay due visits, and address the fair :
 In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
 But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid :
 Of unknown duchesses lewd tales we tell ;
 Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
 The joy let others have, and we the name,
 And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.

The Queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
 And at each blast a Lady's honour dies.

Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers
prest
Around the shrine, and made the same request.
What, you ! (she cry'd) unlearn'd in arts to please,
Slaves to yourselves, and e'en fatigu'd with ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving days,
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise ?
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The people's fable, and the scorn of all.
Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run through all the croud.

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne ;
Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
On sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd :
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counsels, and dark politics ;
Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make th'immortal treasons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With sparks that seem'd to set the world on fire.
At the dread sound pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled Nature trembled with the blast.

TEMPLE OF FAME, V. I. p. 189.

JANU-

J A N U A R Y.

THERE liv'd in *Lombardy*, as authors write,
In days of old, a wise and worthy Knight,
Of gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,
Blest with much sense, much riches, and some
grace ;
Yet, led astray by *Venus'* soft delights,
He scarce could rule some idle appetites :
For long ago, let Priests say what they could,
Weak, sinful Laymen were but flesh and blood.

But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead this vicious life no more.
Whether pure holiness inspir'd his mind,
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find ;
But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.
This was his nightly dream, his daily care,
And to the heav'nly pow'rs his constant pray'r,
Once ere he dy'd to taste the blissful life
Of a kind husband and a loving wife.

These thoughts he fortify'd with reasons still,
(For none want reasons to confirm their will.)
Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
That honest wedlock is a glorious thing :
But depth of judgment most in him appears,
Who wisely weds in his maturer years.

Then let him chuse a damsel young and fair,
 To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir;
 To soothe his cares, and, free from noise and strife,
 Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
 Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore;
 Full well they merit all they feel, and more:
 Unaw'd by precepts human or divine,
 Like birds and beasts promiscuously they join:
 Nor know to make the present blessing last,
 To hope the future, or esteem the past;
 But vainly boast the joys they never try'd,
 And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide.
 The marry'd man may bear his yoke with ease,
 Secure at once himself and heav'n to please;
 And pass his inoffensive hours away,
 In blifs all night, and innocence all day:
 Tho' fortune change, his constant spouse remains,
 Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.

JANUARY AND MAY, V. I. p. 209.

JANUARY'S CIRCUMSPECTION.

MY friends, he cry'd, (and cast a mournful look
 Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke:)
 Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,
 And worn with cares, and hast'ning to my end;
 How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,
 In worldly follies, which I blush to tell:
 But gracious heav'n has ope'd my eyes at last;
 With due regret I view my vices past,
 And, as the precept of the Church decrees,
 Will take a wife, and live in holy ease.

But

But since by counsel all things should be done,
 And many heads are wiser still than one ;
 Chuse you for me, who best shall be content
 When my desire's approv'd by your consent.

One caution yet is needful to be told,
 To guide your choice ; this wife must not be old :
 There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,
 Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.
 My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace
 Of a stale virgin with a winter face :
 In that cold season Love but treats his guest
 With bean-straw, and tough forage at the best.
 No crafty widow shall approach my bed ;
 Those are too wise for bachelors to wed :
 As subtle clerks by many schools are made,
 Twice-marry'd dames are mistresses o'th' trade :
 But young and tender virgins, rul'd with ease,
 We form like wax, and mould them as we please.

I BID. p. 211.

THE NUPTIAL FEAST.

AND now the palace-gates are open'd wide,
 The guests appear in order, side by side,
 And plac'd in state the bridegroom and the bride. }
 The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,
 And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound ;
 The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring,
 These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling
 string.

Not

80 THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

Not thus *Amphion* tun'd the warbling lyre,
Nor *Jasab* the sounding clarion could inspire,
Nor fierce *Theodamas*, whose sprightly strain
Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial
train.

Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace,
(So Poets sing) was present on the place :
And lovely *Venus*, goddess of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open sight,
And danc'd around, and smil'd on ev'ry Knight. }
Pleas'd her best servant would his courage try,
No less in wedlock, than in liberty.
Full many an age old *Hymen* had not spy'd
So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.
Ye bards ! renown'd among the tuneful throng
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song ;
Think not your softest numbers can display
The matchless glories of this blissful day :
The joys are such, as far transcend your rage,
When tender youth has wedded stooping age.

The beauteous Dame sat smiling at the board,
And darted am'rous glances at her Lord.
Not *Hester*'s self, whose charms the *Hebrews* sing,
E'er look'd so lovely on her *Perfian* King :
Bright as the rising sun, in summer's day,
And fresh and blooming as the month of *May* ?
The joyful Knight survey'd her by his side,
Nor envy'd *Paris* with his *Spartan* bride :

Still

Still, as his mind revolv'd with vast delight
 Th'entrancing raptures of th'approaching night,
 Restless he sat, invoking ev'ry pow'r
 To speed his blifs, and hafte the happy hour.
 Meantime the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,
 And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went
 round.
 With od'rous spices they perfum'd the place,
 And mirth and pleasure shone in ev'ry face.

IBID p. 218.

THE PEAR-TREE.

THUS singing as he went, at last he drew,
 By easy steps, to where the Pear-tree grew :
 The longing Dame look'd up, and spy'd her Love
 Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.
 She stopp'd, and fighing : O good Gods ! she cry'd,
 What pangs, what sudden shoots distend my side !
 O for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green ;
 Help, for the love of Heav'n's immortal Queen !
 Help, dearest Lord, and save at once the life
 Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife !

Sore sigh'd the Knight to hear his Lady's cry,
 But could not climb, and had no servant nigh :
 Old as he was, and void of eye-sight too,
 What could, alas ! a helpless husband do ?
 And must I languish then, she said, and die,
 Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye ?
 At leaft, kind Sir, for charity's sweet sake,
 Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take ;

Then

Then from your back I might ascend the tree ;
Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me.

With all my soul, he thus reply'd again,
I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain.
With that, his back against the trunk he bent ;
She seiz'd a twig, and up the tree she went.

Now prove your patience, gentle Ladies all !
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall :
'Tis truth I tell, though not in phrase refin'd ;
Though blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.
What feats the Lady in the tree might do,
I pass, as gambols never known to you ;
But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,
Than in her life she ever felt before.

In that nice moment, lo ! the wond'ring Knight
Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden sight.
Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent ;
But when he saw his bosom-wife so dress'd,
His rage was such as cannot be express'd :
Not frantic mothers, when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky :
He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair ;
Death ! hell ! and furies ! what dost thou do there ?

What ails my Lord ? the trembling Dame reply'd :
I thought your patience had been better try'd :
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,
This my reward for having cur'd the blind ?

Why

Why was I taught to make my husband see,
By struggling with a Man upon a Tree?
Did I for this the pow'r of magic prove,
Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love!

If this be struggling, by this holy light,
'Tis struggling with a vengeance (quoth the Knight)
So Heav'n preserve the fight it has restor'd,
As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd;
Whor'd by my slave—perfidious wretch! may hell
As surely seize thee, as I saw too well.

Guard me, good Angels! cry'd the gentle *May*,
Pray Heav'n, this magic work the proper way!
Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you see,
You ne'er had us'd these killing words to me:
So help me, Fates, as 'tis no perfect fight,
But some faint glimm'ring of a doubtful light.

I BID. p. 230.

THE NECESSITY OF MARRIAGE.

PAUL, knowing one could never serve our turn,
Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.
There's danger in assembling fire and tow;
I grant 'em that, and what it means you know.
The same Apostle too has elsewhere own'd,
No precept for Virginity he found:
'Tis but a counsel—and we women still
Take which we like, the counsel, or our will.

I envy

I envy not their bliss, if he or she
 Think fit to live in perfect chastity ;
 Pure let them be, and free from taint or vice ;
 I, for a few slight spots, am not so nice.
 Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways, on these bestows
 One proper gift, another grants to those :
 Not ev'ry man's oblig'd to sell his store,
 And give up all his substance to the poor :
 Such as are perfect, may, I can't deny ;
 But by your leaves, Divines, so am not I.

THE WIFE OF BATH, V. I. p. 238.

WEDDED ARTIFICE.

LO thus, my friends, I wrought to my desire,
 These three right ancient venerable fires.
 I told 'em, Thus you say, and thus you do ;
 I told 'em false, but *Jenkin* swore 'twas true.
 I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
 And first complain'd, when'er the guilt was mine.
 I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours,
 When their weak legs scarce dragg'd 'em out of
 doors ;
 And swore the rambles that I took by night,
 Were all to spy what damsels they bedight.
 That colour brought me many hours of mirth ;
 For all this wit is giv'n us from our birth.
 Heav'n gave to women the peculiar grace
 To spin, to weep, and cully human race.
 By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,
 By murmur'ring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,
 I still

I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,
Or curtain-lectures made a restless night.
If once my husband's arm was o'er my fide,
What! so familiar with your spouse? I cry'd:
I levied first a tax upon his need;
Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed!
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,
Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.
With empty hands no tassels you can lure,
But fulsome love for gain we can endure;
For gold we love the impotent and old,
And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for gold.
Yet with embraces, curses oft I mix'd,
Then kiss'd again, and chid, and rail'd betwixt.
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
For not one word in man's arrears am I.
To drop a dear dispute I was unable,
E'en though the Pope himself had sat at table,

IBID. p. 241.

W I D O W H O O D.

THUS day by day, and month by month we past;]
It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last.
I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,
And beat my breasts, as wretched widows—must.
Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
To hide the flood of tears I did—not shed.
The good man's coffin to the Church was borne;
Around, the neighbours, and my Clerk too, mourn.
But as he march'd, good Gods! he show'd a pair
Of legs and feet, so clean, so strong, so fair!

I

OF

Of twenty winters age he seem'd to be ;
 I (to say truth) was twenty more than he ;
 But vig'rous still, a lively buxom dame ;
 And had a wond'rous gift to quench a flame.
 A Conj'rer once, that deeply could divine,
 Assur'd me, *Mars* in *Taurus* was my sign.
 As the stars order'd, such my life has been :
 Alas, alas, that ever love was sin !
 Fair *Venus* gave me fire, and sprightly grace,
 And *Mars* assurance, and a dauntless face.
 By virtue of this pow'rful constellation,
 I follow'd always my own inclination.

IBID. p. 246.

THE ALLEY.

I.

IN ev'ry town where *Thamis* rolls his tide,
 A narrow pass there is, with houses low ;
 Where ever and anon the stream is ey'd,
 And many a boat, soft sliding to and fro.
 There oft are heard the notes of infant woe,
 The short thick sob, loud scream, and shriller squall :
 How can ye, mothers, vex your children so ?
 Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
 And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II. And

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie ;
A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs, are feeding by ;
And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At ev'ry door are sun-burnt matrons seen,
Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry,
Now singing shrill, and scolding eft between ;
Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds ; bad neighbour-
hood, I ween.

III.

The snappish cur, (the passengers annoy)
Close at my heels with yelping treble flies ;
The whimp'ring girl, and hoarser screaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble, shrilling cries ;
The scolding Quean to louder notes doth rise,
And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound ;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies ;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep base
are drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baskets of fish at *Billingsgate* did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice :

I 2

There

There learn'd she speech from tongues that never cease.

Slander beside her, like a magpie, chatters,
With Envy, (spitting cat) dread foe to peace ;
Like a curs'd cur, Malice before her clatters,
And vexing ev'ry wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry Collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bulldogs at the stall :
She scratch'd, bit, and spar'd ne lace ne band,
And Bitch and Rogue her answer was to all ;
Nay, e'en the parts of shame by name would call :
Yea, when she pass'd by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the wall,
And by his hand obscene the porter took,
Nor ever did askance like modest Virgin look.

VI.

Such place hath *Deptford*, navy-building town,
Woolwich and *Wapping*, smelling strong of pitch ;
Such *Lambeth*, envy of each band and gown,
And *Twick'nam* such, which fairer scenes enrich,
Grots, statues, urns, and Jo—n's dog and bitch,
Ne village is without, on either side,
All up the filver *Thames*, or all adown,
Ne *Richmond*'s self from whose tall front are ey'd
Vales, spires, meand'ring streams, and *Windsor*'s
towr'y pride.

IMIT. OF ENGLISH POETS, V. 2. p. 4.

THE

THE COUNTRY PARSON.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing
Are better than the bishop's blessing.
A wife that makes conserves ; a steed
That carries double when there's need :
October store, and best Virginia,
Tythe-pig, and mortuary guinea :
Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy patron's weekly thank'd ;
A large concordance, bound long since ;
Sermons to *Charles the First*, when prince :
A chronicle of ancient standing ;
A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in.
The Polyglott—three parts,—my text,
Howbeit—likewise—now to my next.
Lo here the Septuagint—and *Paul*,
To sum the whole,—the close of all.

He that has these, may pass his life,
Drink with the 'squire, and kiss his wife ;
On-Sundays preach, and eat his fill ;
And fast on Fridays—if he will ;
Toast church and queen, explain the news,
Talk with church-wardens about pews,
Pray heartily for some new gift,
And shake his head at Doctor S—t.

IBID. p. 13.

M A N.

AWAKE, my *St. John*! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of Kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous
shoot;
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield!
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or flightless soar;
Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the Manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

Say first, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of Man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
'Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,

Observe

Observe how system into system runs,
 What other planets circle other suns,
 What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry star,
 May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
 But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
 The strong connections, nice dependencies,
 Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
 Look'd thro' ? or can a part contain the whole ?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
 And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee ?

Prefumptuous Man ! the reason wouldst thou find,
 Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind ?
 First, if thou canst, the harder reason gues,
 Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less.
 Ask of thy mother Earth, why oaks are made
 Taller and stronger than the weeds they shade ;
 Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
 Why *Jove*'s Satellites are less than *Jove* ?

Of Systems possible, if 'tis confess,
 That Wisdom infinite must form the best,
 Where all must full, or not coherent be,
 And all that rises, rise in due degree ;
 Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
 There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man :
 And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
 Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong ?

Respecting

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain :
In God's, one single can its end produce ;
Yet serves to second too some other use.
So Man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal ;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why man
restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains ;
When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now *Ægypt's* God ;
Then shall Man's pride and dullness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end ;
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd ; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault :
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought ;
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place ;
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there ?
The blest to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

Heav'n

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
 All but the page prescrib'd, their present state;
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
 Or who could suffer Being here below?
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
 Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n:
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
 Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
 Man never Is, but always To be blest:
 The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor *Indian*; whose untutor'd mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
 His soul, proud Science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
 Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
 Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;

Some

Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the watry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To Be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire ;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

ESSAY ON MAN, v. 2. p. 43.

THE PROGRESSION OF ANIMAL LIFE.

WHAT would this Man ? Now upward will
he soar,
And, little less than Angel, would be more ;
Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all ?
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd ;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftneſs, there of force ;
All in exact proportion to the state ;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own :
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone ?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bleſt with all ?

The blifs of Man (could Pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind ;

No

No pow'rs of body, or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not Man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, Man is not a Fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If Nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still
The whisp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends:
Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass;
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood!
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew!

How

How Instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine !
'Twixt that, and Reason, what a nice barrier !
For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near !
Remembrance and Reflection how ally'd ;
What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide !
And Middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th'insuperable line !
Without these just gradations, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee ?
The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all these pow'rs in one ?

See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high, progressive life may go !
Around, how wide ! how deep extend below !
Vast chain of being ! which from God began,
Natures æthereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glas can reach ; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing.—On superior pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior might on ours ;
Or in the full Creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd :
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

I BID. v. 2. p. 47.

U N I-

UNIVERSAL ORDER.

ALL are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul ;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in th'etherial frame
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees ;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent ;
Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the wrapt Seraph that adores and burns :
To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor ORDER imperfection name :
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point : This kind, this due degree
Of blindnes, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear :
Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee ;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see ;
All Discord, Harmony not understood ;
All partial Evil, universal Good :
And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, **WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.**

IBID. p. 52.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

KNOW then thyself, presume not God to scan,
 The proper study of mankind is Man.
 Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
 A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
 With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,
 With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
 He hangs between ; in doubt to act, or rest ;
 In doubt to deem himself a God, or Beast ;
 In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer ;
 Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err ;
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
 Whether he thinks too little, or too much :
 Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confus'd ;
 Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd ;
 Created half to rise, and half to fall ;
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
 Sole judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd ;
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the world !

Go, wond'rous creature ! mount where Science
 guides ;
 Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides ;
 Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
 Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun ;
 Go, soar with *Plato* to th'empyreal sphere,
 'To the first good, first perfect, and first fair ;
 Or tread the mazy round his follow'r's trod,
 And, quitting sense, call imitating God ;
 As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
 And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.

Go,

Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's Law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a *Newton* as we shew an Ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid Comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his Mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas, what wonder! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of Pride;
Deduct but what is Vanity or Dress,
Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleness;
Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrecent parts
Of all our Vices have created Arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!

IBID. p. 55.

SELF-LOVE AND REASON.

TWO principles in human nature reign ;
Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain :
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call ;
Each works its end, to move or govern all :
And to their proper operation still
Ascribe all Good ; to their improper, Ill.

Self-Love, the spring of motion, acts the soul ;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end :
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot ;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires ;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise.
Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh ;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie :
That sees immediate good by present sense ;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng :
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to Reason still attend.

Attention.

Attention, habit and experience gains ;
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains.

* * * * * * * * *
Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire.

IBID. p. 58.

THE PASSIONS.

MODES of Self-love the Passions we may call ;
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all :
But since not ev'ry good we can divide,
And Reason bids us for our own provide,
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
Lift under Reason, and deserve her care ;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name.

In lazy Apathy let Stoicks boast
Their Virtue fix'd ; 'tis fix'd as in a frost ;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast ;
But strength of mind is Exercise, not Rest :
The rising tempest puts in act the soul ;
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we fail,
Reason the card, but Passion is the gale ;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite :

These 'tis enough to temper and employ ;
 But what composes Man, can Man destroy ?
 Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road,
 Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
 Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train,
 Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain,
 These mixt with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
 Make and maintain the balance of the mind ;
 The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
 Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

IBID. p. 59.

As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
 Receives the lurking principle of death ;
 The young disease, that must subdue at length,
 Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his
 strength :

So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
 The Mind's disease, its RULING PASSION came ;
 Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
 Soon flows to this, in body and in soul :
 Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
 As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
 Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
 And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse ;
 Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse ;
 Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r ;
 As Heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.

IBID. p. 61.

As

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
 On savage stocks inserted learn to bear ;
 The surest virtues thus from Passions shoot,
 Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
 What crops of wit and honesty appear,
 From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear !
 See anger, zeal and fortitude supply ;
 E'en av'rice, prudence ; sloth, philosophy ;
 Lust, through some certain strainers well refin'd,
 Is gentle love, and charms all womankind ;
 Envy, to which th'ignoble mind's a slave,
 Is emulation in the learn'd or brave ;
 Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
 But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.

IBID. p. 62.

VICE AND VIRTUE.

FOOLS ! who from hence into the notion fall,
 That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
 If white and black blend, soften, and unite
 A thousand ways, is there no black or white ?
 Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain ;
 'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
 As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
 Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
 But where th'Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed :
 Ask where's the North ? at York, 'tis on the Tweed ;
 In Scotland, at the Orcades ; and there,
 At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.

No

No creature owns it in the first degree,
 But thinks his neighbour further gone than he:
 E'en those who dwell beneath its very zone,
 Or never feel the rage, or never own;
 What happier natures shrink at with affright,
 The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man must be,
 Few in th'extreme, but all in the degree;
 The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
 And e'en the best, by fits, what they despise.
 'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
 For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still;
 Each individual seeks a fev'ral goal;
 But HEAV'N's great view is One, and that the
 Whole.

IBID. p. 64.

HUMAN BLISS.

SEE some fit passion ev'ry age supply;
 Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
 Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
 Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight;
 A little louder, but as empty quite:
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
 And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
 Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;
 'Till tir'd he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.
 Meanwhile Opinion gilds with varying rays
 Those painted clouds that beautify our days;

Each.

Each want of happiness by Hope supply'd,
 And each vacuity of sense by Pride :
 These build as fast as knowledge can destroy ;
 In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy :
 One prospect lost, another still we gain ;
 And not a vanity is giv'n in vain ;
 E'en mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
 The scale to measure others wants by thine.
 See ! and confess, one comfort still must rise ;
 'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet God is wise.

Ibid. p. 66.

THE ORDER AND HARMONY OF NATURE.

HERE then we rest ; " the Universal Cause
 " Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
 In all the madness of superfluous health,
 The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
 Let this great truth be present night and day ;
 But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our World ; behold the chain of Love
 Combining all below and all above.
 See plastic Nature working to this end,
 The single atoms each to other tend,
 Attract, attracted to, the next in place
 Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
 See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
 Press to one center still, the Gen'ral Good.
 See dying Vegetables life sustain,
 See life dissolving vegetate again :

All

All forms that perish, other forms supply,
 (By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
 Like bubbles on the sea of Matter borne,
 They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
 Nothing is foreign ; Parts relate to whole ;
 One all-extending, all-preserving Soul
 Connects each being, greatest with the least ;
 Made Beast in aid of Man, and Man of Beast ;
 All serv'd, all serving : nothing stands alone ;
 The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool ! work'd solely for thy good,
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
 For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn :
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?
 Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
 Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain ?
 The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year ?
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer :
 The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
 Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children shall divide her care ;
 The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
 While Man exclaims, " See all things for my use ! "
 " See man for mine ! " replies a pamper'd goose :
And

And just as short of reason He must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'rful still the weak controul ;
Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole :
Nature that Tyrant checks ; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove ?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings ?
Or hears the hawk when *Philomela* sings ?
Man cares for all : to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods ;
For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride :
All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy
Th'extensive blessing of his luxury ;
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves ;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest ;
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before ;
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er !

To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end :
To Man imparts it ; but with such a view,
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too :
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.

Great

Great standing miracle ! that Heav'n assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

Whether with Reason, or with Instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best ;
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full Instinct is th'unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beside ?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
Stays till we call, and then not often near ;
But honest Instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit ;
While still too wide or short is human Wit ;
Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier Reason labours at in vain.
This too serves always, Reason never long ;
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours !
And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to chuse their food ?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand ?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as *De Moivre*, without rule or line ?
Who bid the stork, *Columbus*-like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before ?

Who

Who calls the council, states the certain day?
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds ;
But as he fram'd a Whole, the Whole to bless,
On mutual Wants built mutual Happiness :
So from the first, eternal ORDER ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quick'ning aether keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, till two are one.
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace ;
They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurse it, and the fires defend ;
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
There stops the Instinct, and there ends the care ;
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds, another race.
A longer care Man's helpless kind demands ;
That longer care contracts more lasting bands :
Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the int'rest, and the love :
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn ;
Each Virtue in each Passion takes its turn ;

And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
 That graft benevolence on charities.
 Still as one brood, and as another rose,
 These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those :
 The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
 Saw helpless him from whom their life began :
 Mem'ry and forecast just returns engage,
 That pointed back to youth, this on to age ;
 While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
 Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.

Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly
 trod ;

The State of Nature was the reign of God
 Self-love and social at her birth began,
 Union the bond of all things, and of Man.
 Pride then was not ; nor Arts, that Pride to aid ;
 Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade ;
 The same his table, and the same his bed ;
 No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
 In the same temple, the resounding wood,
 All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God :
 The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
 Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest :
 Heav'n's Attribute was Universal Care,
 And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare.
 Ah ! how unlike the man of times to come !
 Of half that live the butcher and the tomb ;
 Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
 Murders their species, and betrays his own.



But

But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds ;
The Fury-Passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on Man a fiercer savage, Man.

See him from Nature rising flow to Art !
To copy instinct then was reason's part ;
Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake—
“ Go, from the Creatures thy instructions take :
“ Learn from the birds what food the thickets
yield ;
“ Learn from the beasts the physic of the field ;
“ Thy arts of building from the bee receive ;
“ Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave ;
“ Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
“ Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
“ Here too all forms of social union find,
“ And hence let Reason, late, instruct Mankind :
“ Here subterranean works and cities see ;
“ There towns aerial on the waving tree.
“ Learn each small People's genius, policies,
“ The Ant's republic, and the realm of Bees ;
“ How those in common all their wealth bestow,
“ And Anarchy without confusion know ;
“ And these for ever, though a Monarch reign,
“ Their separate cells and properties maintain.
“ Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
“ Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
“ In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
“ Entangle Justice in her net of Law,
“ And right, too rigid, harden into wrong ;
“ Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.

112 THE BEAUTIES OF POPE:

" Yet go ! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
 " Thus let the wiser make the rest obey :
 " And for those Arts mere Instinct could afford,
 " Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."

Great Nature spoke ; observant Man obey'd ;
 Cities were built, Societies were made :
 Here rose one little state ; another near
 Grew by like means, and join'd, through love or
 fear.

Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
 And there the streams in purer rills descend ?
 What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow,
 And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
 Converse and Love mankind might strongly draw,
 When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
 Thus States were form'd ; the name of King un-
 known,
 'Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one.
 'Twas **VIRTUE ONLY** (or in arts or arms,
 Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
 The same which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
 A Prince the Father of his People made.

IBID. p. 69.

NATURE DEFORMED BY SUPER-
STITION.

'TILL then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch
 fate,
 King, priest, and parent, of his growing state ;
 On him, their second Providence, they hung,
 Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.

He.

He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
 Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
 Draw forth the monsters of th'abyfs profound,
 Or fetch th'aëreal eagle to the ground,
 'Till drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began
 Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man ;
 Then, looking up from fire to fire, explor'd
 One great First Father, and that first ador'd.
 Or plain tradition that this All begun,
 Convey'd unbroken faith from fire to son ;
 The worker from the work distinct was known,
 And simple Reason never fought but one :
 Ere Wit oblique had broke that steddy light,
 Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right ;
 To Virtue, in the paths of Pleasure trod,
 And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
 Love all the faith, and all th'allegiance then ;
 For Nature knew no right divine in Men,
 No ill could fear in God ; and understood
 A sov'reign being, but a sov'reign good.
 True faith, true policy, united ran ;
 That was but love of God, and this of Man.

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms un-
 done,
 Th'enormous faith of many made for one ;
 That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
 T'invert the world, and counter-work its Cause ?
 Force first made Conquest, and that conquest, Law ;
 'Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
 Then shar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
 And Gods of Conq'rors, Slaves of Subjects made :

She 'midst the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
 When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
 She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
 To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they :
 She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
 Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal rise :
 Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes :
 Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods ;
 Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
 Whose attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust ;
 Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
 And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
 Zeal then, not charity, became the guide ;
 And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.
 Then sacred seem'd th'ethereal vault no more ;
 Altars grew Marble then, and reek'd with gore :
 Then first the Flamen tasted living food ;
 Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood ;
 With heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
 And play'd the God an engine on his foe.

IBID. p. 77.

SOCIAL LOVE.

FOR Forms of Government let fools contest ;
 Whate'er is best administer'd is best :
 For Modes of Faith, let graceless zealots fight ;
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right ;
 In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
 But all Mankind's concern is Charity :

All

All must be false that thwart this One great End ;
 And all of God, that bles Mankind, or mend.
 Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives :
 The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
 On their own Axis as the Planets run,
 Yet make at once their circle round the Sun ;
 So two consistent motions act the Soul,
 And one regards Itself, and one the Whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
 And bad Self-love and Social be the same.

I B I D. p. 79.

HAPPINESS.

OH HAPPINESS ! our being's end and aim !
 Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content ! whate'er thy
 name :
 That something still which prompts th' eternal fight,
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die ;
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
 O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise :
 Plant of celestial seed ! if dropt below,
 Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow ?
 Fair op'ning to some Court's propitious shine,
 Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine ?
 Twin'd with the wreaths *Parnassian* laurels yield,
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field ?
 Where grows ? where grows it not ? If vain our
 toil,
 We ought to blame the culture, not the soil :
 Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
 'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where :

'Tis

'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, *St. John!* dwells with thee.

Ask of the Learn'd the way? The Learn'd are-
blind:

This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these;
Some sunk to Beasts, find Pleasure end in Pain;
Some swell'd to Gods, confess e'en Virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?

Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is Common Sense, and Common Ease.

Remember, Man, "the Universal Cause
" Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what Happiness we justly call
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.

I B I D. p. 83.

ORDER is Heav'n's first Law; and this confess,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.

Heav'n

Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confess,
 If all are equal in their Happiness :
 But mutual wants this Happiness increase ;
 All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
 Condition, circumstance is not the thing ;
 Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
 In who obtain defence, or who defend,
 In him who is, or him who finds a friend :
 Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
 One common blessing, as one common foul :
 But Fortune's gifts if each alike possest,
 And each were equal, must not all contest ?
 If then to all Men Happiness was meant,
 God in Externals could not place Content.

Ibid. p. 85.

THE TRUE REWARDS OF VIRTUE.

“ BUT sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed.”

What then ? Is the reward of Virtue bread ?
 That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil ;
 The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil ;
 The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main ,
 Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
 The good man may be weak, be indolent ;
 Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
 But grant him riches, your demand is o'er ?
 “ No—shall the good want Health, the good want

“ Pow'r ?”

Add Health and Pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,
 “ Why bounded Pow'r ? why private ? why no .
 “ king ?”

Nay .

Nay, why external for internal giv'n ?
 Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n ?
 Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
 God gives enough, while he has more to give ;
 Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand ;
 Say, at what part of nature will they stand ?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,
 Is Virtue's prize : a better would you fix ?
 Then give Humility a coach and six,
 Justice a Conq'ror's sword, or Truth a gown,
 Or Public Spirit its great cure, a Crown.
 Weak, foolish man ! will Heav'n reward us there
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here ?
 The Boy and Man an individual makes ;
 Yet figh'ft thou now for apples and for cakes ?
 Go, like the *Indian*, in another life
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife ;
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
 As toys and empires, for a godlike mind.

IBID. p. 89.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN ACQUISITIONS.

HONOUR and shame from no Condition rise ;
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
 Fortune in Men has some small diff'rence made,
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade ;
 The cobler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.

“ What

“ What differ more (you cry) than crown and
“ cowl ! ”

I'll tell you, friend ! a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow ;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with
strings,
That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings.
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from *Lucrece* to *Lucrece* :
But by your father's worth if your's you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go ! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go ! and pretend your family is young ;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennable sots, or slaves, or cowards ?
Alas ! not all the blood of all the *Howards*.

Look next on Greatnes ; say where Greatness lies.
“ Where, but among the Heroes and the Wife ? ”
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From *Macedonia*'s madman to the *Swede* ;
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find,
Or make, an enemy of all mankind !
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
No less alike the Politic and wise ;
All fly slow things, with circumspective eyes :

Men

Men in their loose unguarded hours they take ;
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat ;
'Tis phr. ~~is~~ absurd to call a Villain Great :
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good *Aurelius* let him reign, or bleed
Like *Socrates*, that Man is great indeed.

What's Fame ? a fancy'd life in others breath,
A thing beyond us, e'en before our death.
Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The same (my Lord) if *Tully's*, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends ;
To all beside as much an empty shade
An *Eugene* living, as a *Cæsar* dead ;
Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine,
Or on the *Rubicon*, or on the *Rhine*.
A Wit's a feather, and a Chief a rod ;
An honest Man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As Justice tears his body from the grave ;
When what t'oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert ;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart :
One self-approving hour whole years out-weighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzza's ;
And more true joy *Marcellus* exil'd feels,
Than *Cæsar* with a senate at his heels.

In Parts superior what advantage lies ?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise ?
'Tis but to know how little can be known ;
To see all others faults, and feel our own :
Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge :
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land ?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence ! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account ;
Make fair deductions ; see to what they mount :
How much of other each is sure to cost ;
How each for other oft is wholly lost ;
How inconsistent greater goods with these ;
How sometimes life is risqu'd, and always ease :
Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
Say, would'st thou be the Man to whom they fall ?
To sigh for ribbands if thou art so filly,
Mark how they grace Lord *Umbra*, or Sir *Billy*.
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life ;
Look but on *Gripus*, or on *Gripus'* wife.
If Parts allure thee, think how *Bacon* shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind :
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a Name,
See *Cromwell*, damn'd to everlasting fame !
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient story, learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd and great,
See the false scale of Happiness complete !

In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
How happy those to ruin, these betray.

I B I D. p. 91.

HUMAN FELICITY.

KNOW then this truth (enough for Man to know)

“ Virtue alone is happiness below.”
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill ;
Where only Merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives ;
The joy unequall’d, if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain :
Without satiety, though e’er so blest’d,
And but more relish’d as the more distress’d :
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue’s very tears :
Good, from each object, from each place acquir’d,
For ever exercis’d, yet never tir’d ;
Never elated, while one man’s oppres’d ;
Never dejected, while another’s blest’d ;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.

I B I D. p. 95.

P R E J U D I C E.

YET more ; the diff’rence is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.

All

All Manners take a tincture from our own,
 Or come discolour'd through our Passions shown.
 Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
 Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

MORAL ESSAYS, V. 2. P. 114.

INCONSISTENCY.

SEE the same man, in vigour, in the gout;
 Alone, in company; in place, or out;
 Early at Bus'ness, and at Hazard late;
 Mad at a Fox-chase, wise at a Debate;
 Drunk at a Borough, civil at a Ball;
 Friendly at *Hackney*, faithless at *Whitehall*.

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
 Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
 Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
 A Rogue with Ven'son to a Saint without.

Who would not praise *Patricio's* high desert,
 His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
 His comprehensive head! all Int'rests weigh'd,
 All *Europe* fav'd, yet *Britain* not betray'd.
 He thanks you not; his Pride is in *Picquette*,
Newmarket fame, and judgment at a Bett.

IBID. P. 115.

PRE-EMINENCE.

'TIS from high Life high characters are drawn;
 A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn;

M 2

A Judge

A Judge is just, a Chanc'lor juster still ;
 A Gownman, learn'd ; a Bishop, what you will ;
 Wife, if a Minister ; but, if a King,
 More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry
 thing.

Court-Virtues bear, like Gems, the highest rate,
 Born where Heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate.

IBID. p. 118.

FALLACY OF JUDGMENT.

JUDGE we by Nature ? Habit can efface,
 Int'rest o'ercome, or Policy take place :
 By Actions ? those Uncertainty divides :
 By Passions ? these Diffimulation hides :
 Opinions ? they still take a wider range :
 Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn with
 Climes,
 Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.

IBID. p. 119.

THE RULING PASSION.

SEARCH then the RULING PASSION : There,
 alone,
 The Wild are constant, and the Cunning known ;
 The Fool consistent, and the False sincere ;
 Priests, Princes, Women, no dissemblers here.
 This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
 The prospect clears, and *Wharton* stands confess'd ;

Wharton,

Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
 Whose ruling Passion was the Lust of Praife :
 Born with whate'er could win it from the Wise,
 Women and Fools must like him, or he dies :
 Though wond'ring Senates hung on all he spoke,
 The Club must hail him master of the joke.
 Shall parts so various aim at nothing new ?
 He'll shine a *Tully* and a *Wilmot* too :
 Then turns repentant, and his God adores
 With the same spirit that he drinks and whores ;
 Enough if all around him but admire,
 And now the Punk applaud, and now the Frier.
 Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
 And wanting nothing but an honest heart ;
 Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt ;
 And most contemptible, to shun contempt ;
 His Passion still, to covet gen'ral praise ;
 His Life, to forfeit it a thousand ways ;
 A constant Bounty which no friend has made ;
 An Angel Tongue, which no man can persuade ;
 A Foot, with more of wit than half mankind,
 Too rash for Thought, for Action too refin'd :
 A Tyrant to the wife his heart approves ;
 A Rebel to the very king he loves ;
 He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
 And, harder still ! dagitious, yet not great.
 Ask you why *Wharton* broke through ev'ry rule ?
 'Twas all for fear the Knaves should call him Fool.

IBID. p. 120.

The frugal Crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.

“ Odious! in woollen! 'twould a faint provoke,”
(Were the last words that poor *Narcissa* spoke)
“ No, let a charming *Chintz*, and *Brussels* lace,
“ Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face :
“ One would not, sure, be frightful when one's
“ dead—
“ And—*Betty*—give this Cheek a little Red.”

The Courtier smooth, who forty years had shind
An humble servant to all human-kind,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could
stir,
“ If—where I'm going—I could serve you, Sir?”

“ I give and I devise (old *Euclio* said,
And sigh'd) “ my lands and tenements to *Ned.*”
Your money, Sir?—“ My money, Sir? what all?—
“ Why—if I must—(then wept)—I give it *Paul.*”
‘The manor, Sir?—“ The manor! hold,” he cry'd,
“ Not that—I cannot part with that”—and dy'd.

And you! brave *Cobham*, to the latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death :
Such in those moments as in all the past,
“ Oh, save my Country, Heav'n!” shall be your
last.

W O M A N.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
 " Most Women have no Characters at all ;"
 Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
 And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.

How many pictures of one Nymph we view,
 All how unlike each other, all how true !
Arcadia's Countess, here, in ermin'd pride,
 Is, there, *Pastora* by a fountain side.
 Here *Fannia*, leering on her own good man,
 And there, a naked *Leda* with a Swan.
 Let then the fair-one beautifully cry,
 In *Magdalene*'s loose hair and lifted eye,
 Or dreft in smiles of sweet *Cecilia* shine,
 With simp'ring Angels, Palms, and Harps divine ;
 Whether the Charmer sinne it, or faint it,
 If Folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare !
 Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air ;
 Chuse a firm Cloud, before it fall, and in it
 Catch, ere she change, the *Cynthia* of this minute.

Rufa, whose eye quick glancing o'er the Park,
 Attracts each light gay meteor of a Spark,
 Agrees as ill with *Rufa* studying *Locke*,
 As *Sappho*'s diamonds with her dirty smock ;
 Or *Sappho* at her toilet's greasy task,
 With *Sappho* fragrant at an ev'ning Mask :

So morning Insects, that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.

How soft is *Silia*! fearful to offend ;
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend.
To her, *Calista* prov'd her conduct nice ;
And good *Simplicius* asks of her advice.
Sudden, she storms ! she raves ! You tip the wink,
But spare your censure ; *Silia* does not drink.
All eyes may see from what the change arose,
All eyes may see—a Pimple on her nose.

Papillia, wedded to her am'rous spark,
Sighs for the shades—“ How charming is a Park ! ”
A Park is purchas'd, but the Fair he sees
All bath'd in tears—“ Oh odious, odious Trees ! ”

Ladies, like variegated Tulips, show,
’Tis to their Changes half their charms we owe ;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy Spots the nice admirer take.
’Twas thus *Caiyppo* once each heart alarm'd,
Aw'd without Virtue, without Beauty charm'd ;
Her Tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes,
Less Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than wife ;
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad ;
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
 'To make a wash, would hardly stew a child ;
 Has e'en been prov'd to grant a Lover's pray'r,
 And paid a Tradesman once to make him stare ;
 Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
 And made a Widow happy, for a whim.
 Why then declare Good-nature is her scorn,
 When 'tis by that alone she can be borne ?
 Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name ?
 A fool to Pleasure, yet a slave to Fame :
 Now deep in *Taylor*, and the Book of Martyrs,
 Now drinking Citron with his Grace and *Chartres* :
 Now Conscience chills her, and now Passion burns ;
 And Atheism and Religion take their turns ;
 A very Heathen in the carnal part,
 Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.

See Sin in State, majestically drunk ;
 Proud as a Peereſſ, prouder as a Punk ;
 Chaste to her Husband, frank to all beside,
 A teeming Mistrefſ, but a barren Bride.
 What then ? let Blood and Body bear the fault ;
 Her Head's untouch'd, that noble Seat of Thought :
 Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
 She fins with Poets through pure love of Wit.
 What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain ?
Cæſar and *Tall-boy*, *Charles* and *Charlemaine*.
 As *Helluo*, late Dictator of the Feaſt,
 The Nose of Haut-goût, and the Tip of Tafeſt,
 Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
 Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat :

So *Philomedé*, lect'ring all mankind
 On the soft Passion, and the Taste refin'd,
 Th'Address, the Delicacy—stoops at once,
 And makes her hearty meal upon a Dunce.

Flavia's a Wit, has too much sense to pray ;
 To toast our wants and wishes, is her way ;
 Nor asks of God, but of her Stars, to give
 The mighty blessing, “ while we live, to live.”
 Then all for Death, that Opiate of the soul !
Lucretia's dagger, *Rosamonda's* bowl.
 Say, what can cause such impotence of mind ?
 A Spark too fickle, or a Spouse too kind.
 Wise Wretch ! with pleasures too refin'd to please ;
 With too much Spirit to be e'er at ease ;
 With too much Quickness ever to be taught ;
 With too much thinking to have common Thought ;
 You purchase pain with all that Joy can give,
 And die of nothing but a Rage to live.

IBID. p. 125.

But what are these to great *Atossa's* mind,
 Scarce once herself, by turns all Womankind !
 Who with herself, or others, from her birth,
 Finds all her life one warfare upon earth :
 Shines, in exposing Knaves, and painting Fools,
 Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules.
 No Thought advances, but her Eddy Brain
 Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
 Full sixty years the World has been her Trade,
 The wifest Fool much Time has ever made.

From

From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No Passion gratify'd, except her Rage;
So much the Fury still out-ran the Wit,
The Pleasure miss'd her, and the Scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes Revenge from Hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her ev'ry turn with Violence pursu'd,
Nor more a storm her Hate than Gratitude:
To that each Passion turns, or soon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate:
Superiors? Death! and Equals? what a Curse!
But an Inferior not dependant, worse.
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live:
But die, and she'll adore you—Then the Bust
And Temple rise—then fall again to dust.
Last night, her Lord was all that's good and great;
A Knave this morning, and his Will a Cheat.
Strange! by the Means defeated of the Ends,
By Spirit rob'd of Pow'r, by Warmth of Friends,
By Wealth of Follow'r's! without one distress
Sick of herself, through very selfishness!
Atossa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r;
Childless with all her Children, wants an Heir.
To Heirs unknown descends th'unguarded store,
Or wanders, Heav'n-directed, to the Poor.

Pictures like these, dear Madam, to design,
Ask no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit 'em right:

For

For how should equal Colours do the knack ?
Chameleons who can paint in white and black ?

“ Yet *Chloe* sure was form’d without a spot.”—
Nature in her then err’d not, but forgot.
“ With ev’ry pleasing, ev’ry prudent part,
“ Say, what can *Chloe* want?”—She wants a Heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought,
But never, never, reach’d one gen’rous Thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in Decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmov’d,
As never yet to love, or to be lov’d.
She, while her Lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an *Indian* chest ;
And when she sees her Friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a Chintz exceeds Mohair.
Forbid it, Heav’n ! a Favour or a Debt
She e’er should cancel—but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in *Chloe*’s ear ;
But none of *Chloe*’s shall you ever hear.
Of all her Dears she never slander’d one,
But cares not if a thousand are undone.
Would *Chloe* know if you’re alive or dead ?
She bids her Footman put it in her head ;
Chloe is prudent—Would you too be wise ?
Then never break your heart when *Chloe* dies.

One certain Portrait may (I grant) be seen,
Which Heav’n has varnish’d out, and made a *Queen* :

THE

THE SAME FOR EVER ! and describ'd by all
 With Truth and Goodness, as with Crown and Ball.
 Poets heap Virtues, Painters Gems at will,
 And shew their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
 'Tis well—but, Artists ! who can paint or write,
 To draw the naked is your true delight.
 That Robe of Quality so struts and swells,
 None see what Parts of Nature it conceals :
 Th'exactest traits of Body, or of Mind,
 We owe to models of an humble kind.
 If *Queenberry* to strip there's no compelling,
 'Tis from a Handmaid we must take a *Helen*.
 From Peer or Bishop 'tis no easy thing
 To draw the man who loves his God, or King :
 Alas ! I copy (or my draught would fail)
 From honest *Mab'met*, or plain Parson *Hale*.

But grant, in Public, Men sometimes are shown,
 A Woman's seen in Private life alone :
 Our bolder Talents in full light display'd ;
 Your Virtues open fairest in the shade.
 Bred to disguise, in Public 'tis you hide ;
 There, none distinguish 'twixt your Shame or Pride,
 Weakness or Delicacy ; all so nice,
 That each may seem a Virtue, or a Vice.

In Men we various Ruling Passions find ;
 In Women, two almost divide the kind ;
 Those only fix'd, they first or last obey,
 The Love of Pleasure, and the Love of Sway.

N

That,

That, Nature gives ; and where the lesson taught
 Is but to please, can Pleasure seem a fault ?
 Experience, this ; by Man's oppression curst,
 They seek the second, not to lose the first.

Men, some to Bus'ness, some to Pleasure take ;
 But ev'ry Woman is at heart a Rake :
 Men, some to Quiet, some to public Strife ;
 But ev'ry Lady would be Queen for Life.

I B I D . p. 131.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
 Woman's at best a contradiction still.
 Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can
 Its last best work, but forms a softer Man ;
 Picks from each sex, to make the Fav'rite blest,
 Your love of Pleasure, our desire of Rest :
 Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
 Your taste of Follies, with our scorn of Fools :
 Reserve with Frankness, Art with Truth ally'd,
 Courage with Softness, Modesty with Pride ;
 Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new ;
 Shakes all together, and produces—You.

I B I D . p. 137.

W E A L T H.

B L E S T paper-credit ! last and best supply !
 That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly !
 Gold, imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
 Can pocket States, can fetch or carry Kings ;
 A single

A single leaf shall waft an Army o'er,
Or ship off Senates, to some distant Shore ;
A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the wind shall blow :
Pregnant with thousands flits the Scrap unseen,
And silent sells a King, or buys a Queen.

Oh ! that such bulky Bribes as all might see,
Still, as of old, incumber'd Villainy !
Could *France* or *Rome* divert our brave designs,
With all their brandies, or with all their wines ?
What could they more than Knights and 'Squires-
confound,
Or water all the Quorum ten miles round ?
A statesman's flumbers how this speech would spoil !
" Sir, *Spain* has sent a thousand jars of oil ;
" Huge bales of *British* cloth blockade the door ;
" A hundred oxen at your levee roar."

Poor Avarice one torment more would find ;
Nor could Profusion squander all in kind.
Astride his cheese Sir *Morgan* might we meet ;
And *Worldly* crying coals from street to street,
Whom with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,
Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.
Had *Colepepper*'s whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himself have sent it to the dogs ?
His Grace will game : to *White*'s a Bull be led,
With spurning heels, and with a butting head ;
To *White*'s be carry'd, as to ancient games,
Fair Coursers, Vases, and alluring Dames.

Shall then *Uxorius*, if the stakes he sweep,
Bear home six Whores, and make his Lady weep?
Or soft *Adonis*, so perfum'd and fine,
Drive to *St. James's* a whole herd of swine?
Oh filthy check on all industrious skill,
To spoil the nation's last great trade, *Quadrille*!
Since then, my Lord, on such a World we fall,
What say you? *B.* Say? Why take it, Gold and all.

P. What Riches give us, let us then inquire?
Meat, Fire, and Clothes. *B.* What more? *P.* Meat,
Clothes, and Fire.

Is this too little? Would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than *Turner* finds they give.
Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!
What can they give? to dying *Hopkins*, Heirs;
'To *Chartres*, Vigour; *Japhet*, Nose and Ears?
Can they, in gems bid pallid *Hippia* glow,
In *Fulvia's* buckle ease the throbs below;
Or heal, old *Narses*, thy obscener ail,
With all th'embroid'ry plaster'd at thy tail?
They might (were *Harpax* not too wise to spend),
Give *Harpax*' self the blessing of a Friend;
Or find some Doctor that would save the life
Of wretched *Shylock*, spite of *Shylock's* Wife:
But thousands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.
To some, indeed, Heav'n grants the happier fate,
T'enrich a Bastard, or a Son they hate.

A V A R I C E.

OLD *Cotta* sham'd his fortune and his birth,
 Yet was not *Cotta* void of wit or worth :
 What though (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)
 His kitchen vy'd in coolnes with his grot ?
 His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,
 With soups unbought and fallads bless'd his board ?
 If *Cotta* liv'd on pulse, it was no more
 Than Bramins, Saints, and Sages did before ;
 To cram the rich was prodigal expence,
 And who would take the Poor from Providence ?
 Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old Hall,
 Silence without, and fasts within the wall ;
 No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor found,
 No noontide bell invites the country round :
 Tenants with sighs the smoakless tow'rs survey,
 And turn th'unwilling steeds another way :
 Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
 Curse the fav'd candle, and unop'ning door ;
 While the gaunt mastiff growling at the gate,
 Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.

IBID. p. 150.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

BUT all our praises why should Lords engrofs ?
 Rise, honest Muse ! and sing the MAN of ROSS :
 Pleas'd *Vaga* echoes through her winding bounds,
 And rapid *Severn* hoarse applause resounds.
 Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow ?
 From the dry rock who bad the waters flow ?

Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
 But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
 Whose Causeway parts the vale with shady rows ?
 Whose Seats the weary Traveller repose ?
 Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise ?
 " The MAN of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
 Behold the Market-place with poor o'erspread !
 The MAN of Ross divides the weekly bread :
 He feeds yon Alms-house, neat, but void of state ;
 Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate ;
 Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
 The young who labour, and the old who rest.
 Is any sick ? the MAN of Ross relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
 Is there a variance ? enter but his door,
 Baulk'd are the Courts, and contest is no more.
 Despairing Quacks with curses fled the place,
 And vile Attorneys, now an useless race.

B. Thrice happy man ! enabled to pursue
 What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do !
 Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply ?
 What mines to swell that boundless charity ?

P. Of Debts and Taxes, Wife and Children clear,
 This man posseß'd—five hundred pounds a year.
 Blush, Grandeur, blush ! proud Courts, withdraw
 your blaze !

Ye little Stars ! hide your diminish'd rays.

VILLERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

IN the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,

The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
The *George* and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great *Villers* lies—alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of Pleasure, and that soul of Whim!
Gallant and gay, in *Cliveden*'s proud alcove,
'The bow'r of wanton *Shrewsbury* and love;
Or just as gay, at Council, in a ring
Of mimick'd Statesmen, and their merry King.
No Wit to flatter, left of all his store!
No Fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame; this lord of useless thousands ends.

I B I D. p. 155.

SIR BALAAM.

WHERE *London*'s column, pointing at the skies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies;
There dwelt a Citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and *Balaam* was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's:

Constant

Constant at Church, and 'Change ; his gains were
sure,
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The Dev'l was piqu'd such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good *Job* of old :
But *Satan* now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Rous'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds
sweep
The surge, and plunge his Father in the deep ;
Then full against his *Cornish* lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir *Balaam* now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes :
" Live like yourself," was soon my Lady's word ;
And lo ! two puddings smoak'd upon the board.

Asleep and naked as an *Indian* lay,
An honest factor stole a Gem away :
He pledg'd it to the Knight, the Knight had wit,
So kept the Di'mond, and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought,
" I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat ;
" Where once I went to church, I'll now go
" twice—
" And am so clear too of all other vice."

The

The Tempter saw his time ; the work he ply'd ;
 Stocks and Subscriptions pour on ev'ry side.
 'Till all the Daemon makes his full descent
 In one abundant shew'r of Cent per Cent,
 Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
 Then dubs Director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir *Delaam*, now a man of spirit,
 Ascribes his getting to his parts and merit ;
 What late he call'd a Blessing, now was Wit,
 And God's good Providence, a lucky Hit.
 Things change their titles, as our manners turn :
 His Compting-house employ'd the Sunday-morn :
 Seldom at Church ('twas such a busy life)
 But duly sent his family and wife.
 There (so the Dev'l ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
 My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.

A Nymph of Quality admires our Knight ;
 He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite :
 Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to please the Fair)
 The well-bred cuckolds of *St. James's* air :
 First, for his Son a gay Commission buys,
 Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies :
 His Daughter flaunts a Viscount's tawdry wife ;
 She bears a Coronet and P—x for life.
 In *Britain's* Senate he a seat obtains,
 And one more Pensioner *St. Stephen* gains.
 My Lady falls to play : so bad her chance,
 He must repair it ; takes a bribe from *France* ;

The

The House impeach him, *Coningsby* harangues ;
 The Court forsake him, and Sir *Balaam* hangs ;
 Wife, son, and daughter, *Satan!* are thy own,
 His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown :
 The Devil and the King divide the prize,
 And sad Sir *Balaam* curses God and dies.

IBID. p. 157.

T A S T E.

"TIS strange the Miser should his Cares employ
 To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy :
 Is it less strange, the Prodigal should waste
 His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste ?
 Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats ;
 Artists must choose his Pictures, Music, Meats :
 He buys for *Topham*, Drawings and Designs,
 For *Pembroke*, Statues, dirty Gods, and Coins ;
 Rare monkish Manuscripts for *Hearne* alone,
 And Books for *Mead*, and Butterflies for *Sloane*.
 Think we all these are for himself ? no more
 Than his fine Wife, alas ! or finer Whore.

For what has *Kirro* painted, built, and planted ?
 Only to shew how many tastes he wanted.
 What brought Sir *Vifto*'s ill-got wealth to waste ?
 Some Dæmon whisper'd " *Vifto!* have a Taste."
 Heav'n visits with a Taste the wealthy Fool,
 And needs no Rod but *Ripley* with a Rule.
 See ! sportive Fate, to punish awkward pride,
 Bids *Bubo* build, and sends him such a Guide :

A

A standing sermon, at each year's expence,
That never Coxcomb reach'd magnificence !

You shew us, *Rome* was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of Use.
Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules,
Fill half the land with imitating Fools ;
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make ;
Load some vain Church with old Theatric state,
Turn Arcs of triumph to a Garden-gate ;
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall ;
Then clap four slices of Pilaster on't,
That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a Front ;
Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a *Venetian* door ;
Conscious they act the true *Palladian* part,
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear :
Something there is more needful than Expence,
And something previous e'en to Taste, — 'tis Sense :
Good Sense, which only is the gift of Heav'n,
And, though no Science, fairly worth the seven :
A Light, which in yourself you must perceive ;
Jones and *Le Nôtre* have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,

To swell the Terras, or to sink the Grot;
 In all, let Nature never be forgot.
 But treat the Goddess like a modest fair,
 Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
 Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spy'd,
 Where half the skill is decently to hide.
 He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds,
 Surprises, varies, and conceals the Bounds.

Consult the Genius of the Place in all;
 That tells the Waters or to rise or fall;
 Or helps th'ambitious Hill the heav'ns to scale,
 Or scoops in circling theatres the Vale;
 Calls in the country, catches op'ning glades,
 Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;
 Now breaks, or now directs, th'intending Lines;
 Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.

IBID. p. 162.

FALSE MAGNIFICENCE.

AT *Timon*'s Villa let us pass a day,
 Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown away!"
 So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
 Soft and Agreeable come never there.
 Greatness, with *Timon*, dwells in such a draught
 As brings all *Brobdignag* before your thought.
 To compass this, his Building is a Town,
 His Pond an Ocean, his Parterre a Down:
 Who but must laugh, the Master when he sees,
 A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze!

Lo,

Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around !
The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground.
Two Cupids squirt before ; a Lake behind
Improves the keenness of the Northern wind.
His Gardens next your admiration call ;
On ev'ry side you look, behold the wall !
No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene ;
Grove nods at Grove, each Alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suff'ring eye inverted Nature sees,
Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as Trees ;
With here a Fountain, never to be play'd ;
And there a Summer-house, that knows no shade :
Here *Amphitrite* fails through myrtle bow'rs ;
There Gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs :
Unwater'd see the drooping Sea-horse mourn ;
And swallows roost in *Nilus'* dusty Urn.

My Lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen :
But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
First through the length of yon hot Terrace sweat ;
And when up ten steep Slopes you've dragg'd your
thighs,
Just at his Study-door he'll bleſs your eyes.

His Study ! with what Authors is it stor'd ?
In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord :
To all their dated backs he turns you round ;
These *Aldus* printed, those *Du Sueil* has bound.

O

Lo !

Lo ! some are Vellom ; and the rest as good,
 For all his Lordship knows, but they are Wood.
 For *Locke* or *Milton* 'tis in vain to look ;
 These shelves admit not any modern Book.

And now the Chapel's silver bell you hear,
 That summons you to all the Pride of Pray'r.
 Light quirks of Music, broken and uneven,
 Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heaven.
 On painted Cielings you devoutly stare,
 Where sprawl the Saints of *Verrio* or *Laguerre* ;
 Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
 And bring all Paradise before your eye.
 To rest, the Cushion and soft Dean invite,
 Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.

But, hark ! the chiming Clocks to Dinner
 call ;
 A hundred footsteps scrape the marble Hall :
 The rich Buffet well-colour'd Serpents grace,
 And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
 Is this a dinner ? this a genial room ?
 No ; 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb :
 A solemn Sacrifice, perform'd in state ;
 You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
 So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there.
 Between each Act the trembling salvers ring,
 From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the King.
 In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
 And complaisantly help'd to all I hate ;

Treated,

Treated, careſſ'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
 Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve ;
 I curse ſuch lavish coſt, and little ſkill,
 And ſwear no day was ever paſt ſo ill.

Yet hence the Poor are cloath'd, the Hungry
 fed ;
 Health to himſelf, and to his Infants bread,
 The Lab'rer bears. What his hard Heart denies,
 His charitable Vanity supplies.

SIBID. p. 165.

THE MEDAL.

AMBITION ſigh'd : ſhe found it vain to truſt
 The faithleſs Column and the crumblinig Bust :
 Huge Moles, whose shadow ſtretch'd from ſhore to
 ſhore,
 Their ruins perifh'd, and their place no more !
 Convinc'd, ſhe now contracts her vast deſign,
 And all her Triumphs shrink into a Coin.
 A narrow orb each crowded Conqueſt keeps ;
 Beneath her Palm here ſad *Judea* weeps :
 Now ſcantier limits the proud Arch confine,
 And ſcarce are ſeen the prostrate *Nile* or *Rhine* ;
 A ſmall *Euphrates* through the Piece is roll'd,
 And little Eagles wave their wings in gold.

The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
 Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name :
 In one short view subjected to our eye,
 Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, lie.
 With sharpen'd sight pale Antiquaries pore,
 Th'inscription value, but the rust adore.
 This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
 The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years !
 To gain *Pescennius* one employs his schemes,
 One grasps a *Cecrops* in extatic dreams.
 Poor *Vadius*, long with learned spleen devour'd,
 Can taite no pleasure since his Shield was scour'd ;
 And *Curio*, restless by the Fair-one's side,
 Sighs for an *Otho*, and neglects his Bride.

EPISTLE TO MR. ADDISON, p. 176.

LITERARY PERSECUTION.

IS there a Parson much bemus'd in beer,
 A maudlin Poetess, or rhyming Peer,
 A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
 Who pens a stanza, when he should *engross* ?
 Is there who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
 With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls ?
 All fly to *Twit'nam*, and in humble strain
 Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the Laws,
 Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause :

Poor

Poor *Cornelius* sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses Wit, and Poetry, and *Pope*.

Friend to my Life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)
What *Drop* or *Nostrum* can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped:
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd, and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lye:
To laugh, were want of goodness, and of grace,
And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of Face.
I sit with sad civility; I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine
years."

" Nine years!" cries he, who high in *Drury-lane*,
Lull'd by soft Zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before *Term* ends,
Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends:
" The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it;
" I'm all submission; what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My Friendship, and a Prologue, and Ten Pound.

Pitholeon sends to me—“ You know his Grace ;
 “ I want a Patron :—ask him for a Place.”
Pitholeon libell’d me—“ but here’s a letter
 “ Informs you, Sir, ’twas when he knew no better
 “ Dare you refuse him ? *Curl* invites to dine.
 “ He’ll write a *Journal*, or he’ll turn Divine.”

Bless me ! a packet.—“ ’Tis a stranger sues—
 “ A Virgin Tragedy—an Orphan Muse.”
 If I dislike it, “ Furies, death, and rage !”
 If I approve, “ Commend it to the Stage.”
 There (thank my stars !) my whole commission ends ;
 The Play’rs and I are, luckily, no friends.
 Fir’d that the house reject him—“ ’Sdeath ! I’ll
 “ print it,
 “ And shame the fools.—Your int’rest, Sir, with
 “ *Lintot*.”
Lintot, dull rogue ! will think your price too much :
 “ Not, Sir, if you revise it, and re-touch.”
 All my demurs but double his attacks :
 At last he whispers—“ Do ; and we go snacks.”
 Glad of a quarrel, strait I clap the door,
 Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES, p. 179.

ONE dedicates in high heroic prose,
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes :
 One from all *Grub-street* will my fame defend ;
 And, more abusive, calls himself my friend :

This

This prints my *Letters*; that expects a bribe;
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"

There are, who to my person pay their court:
I cough like *Horace*; and, though lean, am short.
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high;
Such *Ovid*'s nose; and "Sir, you have an eye—
Go on, obliging creatures! make me see
All that disgrac'd my Betters, met in me.
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal *Maro* held his head;"
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great *Homer* dy'd three thousand years ago.

I B I D. p. 183.

A D D I S O N.

PEACE to all such! but were there one whose
fires

True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires,
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the *Turk*, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike;
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd, to blame or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;

Dread.

Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieg'd,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd ;
 Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,
 And fit attentive to his own applause,
 While Wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?
 Who would not weep, if *Atticus* were he !

IBID. p. 187.

CALUMNY AND FALSEHOOD.

CURST be the Verse, how well soe'er it flow,
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
 Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,
 Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a tear !
 But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
 Insults fall'n Worth, or Beauty in distress ;
 Who loves a Lye, lame Slander helps about ;
 Who writes a Libel, or who copies out :
 That Fop, whose pride affects a Patron's name,
 Yet absent, wounds an Author's honest fame ;
 Who can *your* merit *selfishly* approve,
 And show the *sense* of it without the *love* ;
 Who has the vanity to call you friend,
 Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend ;
 Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
 And, if he lye not, must at least betray ;
 Who to the *Dean* and *silver bell* can swear,
 And sees at *Cannons* what was never there ;

Who

Who reads but with a lust to misapply,
Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction lye.
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

IBID. p. 191.

CONTEMPTIBLE INSIGNIFICANCE.

YET let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings ;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys :
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks ;
Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar Toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
His wit all see-saw, between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis. }
Amphibious thing ! that, acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, Flatt'rer at the board,
Now trips a Lady, and now struts a Lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have expreit,
A Cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.

Beauty

Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Ibid. p. 193.

HONEST INDIGNATION.

WHAT? arm'd for Virtue when I point the
pen,

Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men ;
Dash the proud Gamester in his gilded car ;
Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a *Star* ;
Can there be wanting, to defend Her cause,
Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws ?
Could pension'd *Boileau* lash in honest strain
Flatt'lers and Bigots e'en in *Louis'* reign ?
Could Laureate *Dryden* Pimp and Fry'r engage,
Yet neither *Charles* nor *James* be in a rage ?
And I not strip the gilding off a Knave,
Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir, or slave ?
I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause :
Hear this, and tremble ! you, who 'scape the Laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble Knave
Shall walk the world, in credit, to his grave.
To Virtue only and her Friends a Friend,
The World beside may murmur, or commend.

IMITATIONS OF HORACE, V. 2. p. 214.

LN.

INCONSTANCY OF PROPERTY.

WHAT's *Property*? dear *Swift*! you see it alter
 From you to me, from me to *Peter Walter* ;
 Or, in a mortgage, prove a Lawyer's share ;
 Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir ;
 Or, in pure equity, (the case not clear)
 The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year :
 At best, it falls to *some ungracious son*,
 Who cries, " My father's damn'd, and all's my
 " own."

Shades, that to *Bacon* could retreat afford,
 Become the portion of a booby Lord.

IBID. p. 230.

F A M E.

AND what is *Fame*? the Meanest have their
 day ;
 The Greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
 Grac'd as thou art with all the pow'r of words,
 So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords ;
 Conspicuous scene ! another yet is nigh,
 (More silent far) where Kings and Poets lie ;
 Where *Murray* (long enough his Country's pride)
 Shall be no more than *Tully*, or than *Hyde* !

IBID. p. 251.

OLD

OLD ENGLISH MANNERS.

TIME was, a sober *Englishman* would knock
 His servants up, and rise by five o'clock ;
 Instruct his Family in ev'ry rule ;
 And send his Wife to Church, his Son to School.
 To worship like his Fathers, was his care ;
 To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir ;
 To prove that Luxury could never hold ;
 And place, on good Security, his Gold.
 Now times are chang'd, and one Poetic Itch
 Has seiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich :
 Sons, Sires, and Grandfathers, all will wear the bays ;
 Our Wives read *Milton*, and our Daughters Plays ;
 To Theatres, and to Rehearsals throng,
 And all our Grace at table is a Song.

IBID. p. 270.

SCALE OF POETICAL PERFECTION.

WE conquer'd *France*, but felt our Captive's
 charms ;
 Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms ;
Britain to soft refinements less a foe,
 Wit grew polite, and Numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was smooth ; but *Dryden* taught to join
 The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
 The long majestic march, and energy divine ; }
 Though still some traces of our rustic vein
 And splay-foot verse remain'd, and will remain.

Late

Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
 When the tir'd Nation breath'd from civil war.
 Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
 Shew'd us that *France* had something to admire.
 Not but the Tragic spirit was our own,
 And full in *Shakespear*, fair in *Otway* shone ;
 But *Otway* fail'd to polish or refine,
 And fluent *Shakespear* scarce effac'd a line.
 E'en copious *Dryden* wanted, or forgot,
 The last and greatest Art, the Art to blot.
 Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire,
 The humbler Muse of Comedy require.
 But in known Images of life, I guess
 The labour greater, as th' indulgence less.
 Observe how seldom e'en the best succeed :
 Tell me if *Congreve*'s Fools are Fools indeed ?
 What pert low Dialogue has *Farqu'ar* writ !
 How *Van* wants grace, who never wanted wit !
 The stage how loosely does *Astrea* tread,
 Who fairly puts all Characters to bed !
 And idle *Cibber*, how he breaks the laws,
 To make poor *Pinkey* eat with vast applause !
 But fill their Purse, our Poet's work is done,
 Alike to them, by Pathos, or by Pun.

IBID. p. 276. A

COURAGE IN POVERTY.

In *ANNA*'s Wars, a Soldier poor and old
 Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold :
 Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckless night,
 He slept, poor dog ! and lost it, to a doit.

This put the man in such a desp'rate mind,
 Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
 Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
 He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a Castle-wall,
 Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.
 }
 " Prodigious well!" his great Commander cry'd,
 Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
 Next, pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter;
 (Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter)
 " Go on, my Friend, (he cry'd) see yonder walls!
 " Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
 " More honours, more rewards attend the brave."
 Don't you remember what reply he gave?
 " D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral, such a Sot?
 " Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."

IBID. p. 290.

RECIPROCAL FLATTERY.

THE *Temple* late two brother Serjeants saw,
 Who deem'd each other oracles of law;
 With equal talents, these congenial souls,
 One lull'd th' *Exchequer*, and one stunn'd the *Rolls*.
 Each had a gravity would make you split,
 And shook his head at *Murray*, as a Wit.
 'Twas, " Sir, your law"—and " Sir, your elo-
 " quence,"
 " Yours, *Cowper's* manner—and yours, *Talbot's*
 " sense."

Thus we dispose of all poetic merit;
 Yours *Milton's* genius, and mine *Homer's* spirit.

Call

Call *Tibbald Shakespear*, and he'll swear the Nine,
 Dear *Cibber*! never match'd one Ode of thine.
 Lord! how we strut thro' *Merlin's Cave*, to see
 No Poets there, but *Stepben*, you, and me.
 Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
 Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we please.
 " My dear *Tibullus!*" if that will not do,
 " Let me be *Horace*, and be *Ovid* you :
 " Or, I'm content, allow me *Dryden's* strains,
 " And you shall rise up *Otway* for your pains."
 Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
 This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;
 And much must flatter, if the whim should bite
 To court applause by printing what I write:
 But let the fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough
 To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

IBID. p. 295.

THE MANNERS OF A COURT.

IN that nice Moment, as another Lye
 Stood just a-tilt, the Minister came by :
 To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
 Then, close as *Umbra*, joins the dirty train.
 Not *Fannius'* self more impudently near,
 When half his nose is in his Prince's ear.
 I quak'd at heart; and still afraid, to see
 All the Court fill'd with stranger things than he,
 Ran out as fast, as one that pays his bail,
 And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

Bear me, some God! oh quickly bear me hence
 To wholesome Solitude, the nurse of Sense :

Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
 And the free soul looks down to pity Kings !
 There sober thought pursu'd th' amusing theme,
 Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.
 A Vision hermits can to Hell transport,
 And forc'd e'en me to see the damn'd at Court.
 Not *Dante*, dreaming all th' infernal state,
 Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
 Base Fear becomes the guilty, not the free ;
 Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but suits not me :
 Shall I, the Terror of this sinful town,
 Care, if a liv'ry'd Lord or smile or frown ?
 Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
 Tremble before a noble Serving-man ?
 O my fair mistress, Truth ! shall I quit thee
 For huffing, braggart, puft Nobility ?
 Thou, who since yesterday haft roll'd o'er all
 The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,
 Haft thou, oh Sun ! beheld an emptier sort,
 Than such as swell this bladder of a court ?
 Now pox on those who shew a *Court in wax* !
 It ought to bring all Courtiers on their backs :
 Such painted puppets ! such a varnish'd race
 Of hollow gewgaws, only dress and face !
 Such waxen noses, stately staring things —
 No wonder some folks bow, and think them Kings.

See ! where the *British* youth, engag'd no more,
 At *Fig's*, at *White's*, with felons, or a whore,
 Pay their last duty to the Court, and come
 All fresh and fragrant to the drawing-room ;

In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they fold to look so fine.
“ That’s Velvet for a King !” the flatt’rer swears ;
’Tis true, for ten days hence ’twill be King *Lear’s*.
Our Court may justly to our stage give rules,
That helps it both to fools coats, and to fools.
And why not players strut in courtiers clothes ?
For these are actors too, as well as those :
Wants reach all states ; they beg but better dreft,
And all is splendid poverty at best.

Painted for sight, and essenc’d for the smell,
Like frigates fraught with spice and cochinell,
Sail in the Ladies : how each pyrate eyes
So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize !
Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim ;
He boarded her, she striking sail to him :
“ Dear Countess ! you have charms all hearts to hit !”
And “ Sweet Sir *Fopling* ! you have so much wit !”
Such wits and beauties are not prais’d for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought.
’Twould burst e’en *Heraclitus* with the spleen,
To see those anticks, *Fopling* and *Courtin* :
The Presence seems, with things so richly odd,
The mosque of *Mahound*, or some queer Pa-god.
See them survey their limbs by *Durer’s* rules,
Of all beau-kind the best proportion’d fools !
Adjust their cloaths, and to confession draw
Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw ;
But oh ! what terrors must distract the soul
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole ;

Or should one pound of powder less bespread
 Those monkey-tails that wag behind their head !
 Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
 They march, to prate their hour before the Fair.
 So first to preach, a white-glov'd Chaplain goes,
 With band of Lily, and with cheek of Rose,
 Sweeter than *Sharon*, in immac'late trim,
 Neatness itself impertinent in him.
 Let but the Ladies smile, and they are blest :
 Prodigious ! how the things protest, protest !
 Peace, fools, or *Gonson* will for Papists seize you,
 If once he catch you at your *Jesu* ! *Jesu* !

Nature made ev'ry Fop to plague his brother,
 Just as one Beauty mortifies another.
 But here's the Captain that will plague them both,
 Whose air cries Arm ! whose very look's an oath :
 The Captain's honest, Sirs, and that's enough,
 Tho' his soul's bullet, and his body buff.
 He spits fore-right ; his haughty chest before,
 Like batt'ring-rams, beats open ev'ry door ;
 And with a face as red, and as awry,
 As *Herod*'s hang-dogs in old Tapestry,
 Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
 Has yet a strange ambition to look worse :
 Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
 Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
 As men from Jails to execution go ;
 For hung with deadly fins I see the wall,
 And lin'd with Giants deadlier than 'em all ;

Each

Each Man an *Ak*apart, of strength to toss,
 For quoits, both *Temple-bar* and *Charing Cross*.
 Scar'd at the grisly forms, I sweat, I fly,
 And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.

Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine :
 Charge them with Heav'n's Artillery, bold Divine !
 From such alone the Great rebukes endure,
 Whose Satire's sacred, and who rage secure :
 'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs
 To deluge sin, and drown a Court in tears.
 Howe'er, what's now *Apocrypha*, my Wit,
 In time to come, may pass for Holy Writ.

SATIRES OF DR. DONNE VERSIFIED,
 V. 2. p. 330.

LAWFUL SATIRE.

F. Why so? if Satire knows its Time and Place,
 You still may lash the greatest—in Disgrace :
 For Merit will by turns forsake them all ;
 Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
 But let all Satire in all Changes spare
 Immortal *S—k*, and grave *De—re*.
 Silent and soft, as Saints remov'd to Heav'n,
 All Tyes dissolv'd, and ev'ry Sin forgiv'n,
 These may some gentle ministerial Wing
 Receive, and place for ever near the King !
 There, where no Passion, Pride, or Shame transport,
 Lull'd with the sweet *Nepenthe* of a Court,
 There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friend's
 disgrace
 Once break their rest, or stir them from their Place :

But

But past the Sense of human Miseries,
All Tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes ;
No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
Save when they lose a Question, or a Job.

P. Good Heav'n forbid, that I should blast their
glory,
Who know how like Whig Ministers to Tory,
And, when three Sov'reigns dy'd, could scarce be
vext,
Confid'ring what a *gracious Prince* was next.
Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings ;
And at a Peer, or Peereſſ, shall I fret,
Who starves a Sister, or forswears a Debt ?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast ;
But shall the Dignity of *Vice* be lost ?
Ye Gods ! shall *Cibber*'s Son, without rebuke,
Swear like a Lord, or *Rich* outwhore a Duke ?
A Fav'rite's Porter with his Master vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie ?
Shall *Ward* draw Contracts with a Statesman's ſkill ?
Or *Japhet* pocket, like his Grace, a Will ?
Is it for *Bond* or *Peter* (paltry things)
To pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like Kings ?
If *Blount* dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,
And ſo may'ſt thou, illustrious *Passeran* !
But shall a Printer, weary of his life,
Learn, from their Books, to hang himſelf and Wife ?
This, this, my friend, I cannot, muſt not bear ;
Vice, thus abus'd, demands a Nation's care ;

This

This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,
And hurls the Thunder of the Laws on *Gin*.

Let modest *Foster*, if he will, excell
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well ;
A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,
Outdo *Landaff* in Doctrine,—yea in Life :
Let humble *Allen*, with an aukward Shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame.
Virtue may chuse the high or low Degree,
'Tis just alike to Virtue, and to me ;
Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
She's still the same belov'd, contented thing.
Vice is undone, if she forgets her birth,
And stoops from Angels to the Dregs of Earth :
But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a Whore ;
Let *Greatness* own her, and she's mean no more.
Her Birth, her Beauty, Crouds and Courts confess ;
Chaste Matrons praise her, and grave Bishops bless ;
In golden Chains the willing World she draws,
And hers the Gospel is, and hers the Laws ;
Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead.
Lo ! at the wheels of her triumphal Car,
Old *England*'s Genius, rough with many a Scar,
Dragg'd in the dust ! his arms hang idly round,
His Flag inverted trails along the ground !
Our Youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign Gold,
Before her dance : behind her crawl the Old !
See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,
And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son !

Hear

Hear her black Trumpet thro' the Land proclaim,
 That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME.
 In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r,
 'Tis Av'rice all, Ambition is no more!
 See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!
 See, all our Fools aspiring to be Knaves!
 The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore,
 Are what ten thousand envy and adore:
 All, all look up, with reverential Awe,
 At crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the Law:
 While Truth, Worth, Wisdom, daily they decry—
 “ Nothing is sacred now but Villainy.”

Yet may this Verse (if such a Verse remain)
 Show there was one who held it in disdain.

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES, v. 2. p. 341.

R I D I C U L E.

YES, I am proud; I must be proud to see
 Men not afraid of God, afraid of me;
 Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,
 Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.

O sacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,
 Sole dread of Folly, Vice, and Insolence!
 To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
 The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide:
 Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal,
 To rouse the Watchmen of the Public Weal;
 To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
 And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his Stall.

Ye

Ye tinsel insects! whom a Court maintains,
That count your Beauties only by your Stains,
Spin all your Cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day,
The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,
All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of
Kings:
All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the
Press,
Like the last Gazette, or the last Address.

IBID. p. 355.

D U L L N E S S.

IN eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere *Pallas* iss'd from the Thund'r'er's head,
Dullness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaös and eternal Night:
Fate in their dotage this fair Idiot gave,
Gross as her fire, and as her mother grave,
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind,
Still her old Empire to restore she tries;
For, born a Goddess, Dullness never dies.

DUNCIAD, v. 3. p. 69.

CLOSE to those walls where Folly holds her
throne,
And laughs to think *Monroe* would take her down,
Where

Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand,
Great *Cibber*'s brazen, brainless brothers stand ;
One Cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.

Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
Emblem of Music caus'd by Emptiness.

Hence Bards, like *Proteus*, long in vain ty'd down,
Escape in Monsters, and amaze the Town.

Hence Miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of *Curl*'s chaste press, and *Lintot*'s rubric post :
Hence hymning *Tyburn*'s elegiac Lines,
Hence Journals, Medleys, Merc'ries, MAGA-

ZINES ;

Sepulchral Lies, our holy walls to grace,
And New-year Odes, and all the *Grub-street* race.

In clouded Majesty here Dullness shone ;
Four guardian Virtues, round, support her throne :
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears ;
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger, and who thirst for scribbling sake :
Prudence, whose glass presents th'approaching jail :
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.

Here she beholds the Chaös dark and deep,
Where nameless Somethings in their causes sleep,
'Till genial *Jacob*, or a warm Third Day,
Call forth each mass, a Poem, or a Play :

How

How Hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
 How new-born Nonsense first is taught to cry ;
 Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
 And learn to crawl upon poetic feet ;
 Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
 And ductile Dullness new meanders takes ;
 There motley Images her fancy strike,
 Figures ill pair'd, and Similes unlike :
 She sees a Mob of Metaphors advance,
 Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance ;
 How Tragedy and Comedy embrace ;
 How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race ;
 How Time himself stands still at her command,
 Realms shift their place, and Ocean turns to land :
 Here gay description *Ægypt* glads with show'rs,
 Or gives to *Zembla* fruits, to *Barca* flow'rs :
 Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen,
 There painted vallies of eternal green ;
 In cold *December* fragrant chaplets blow,
 And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these, and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
 Beholds through fogs, that magnify the scene.
 She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
 With self-applause her wild creation views ;
 Sees momentary Monsters rise and fall,
 And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.

I B I D. p. 71.

Q

CIBBER.

C I B B E R.

IN each she marks her image full exprest,
 But chief in BAYS's monster-breeding breast ;
Bays, form'd by Nature Stage and Town to blefs,
 And act, and be, a Coxcomb with succels.
 Dullness with transport eyes the lively Dunce,
 Rememb'ring she herself was Pertness once.
 Now (shame to Fortune !) an ill Run at Play
 Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin Third Day :
 Swearing and supperless the Hero fate,
 Blasphem'd his Gods, the Dice, and damn'd his
 Fate ;
 Then gnaw'd his Pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
 Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound !
 Plung'd for his Sense, but found no bottom there,
 Yet wrote and flounder'd on, in mere despair.
 Round him much Embrio, much Abortion lay,
 Much future Ode, and abdicated Play ;
 Nonsense precipitate, like running lead,
 That slipp'd thro' crags and zig-zags of the Head ;
 All that on Folly, Frenzy could beget,
 Fruits of dull Heat, and Sooterkins of Wit.
 Next, o'er his Books his eyes began to roll,
 In pleasing memory of all he stole ;
 How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
 And fuck'd all o'er, like an industrious Bug.
 Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
 The frippery of crucify'd Moliere :
 There hapless Shakespeare, yet of Tibbald sore,
 Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.

The

The rest on Outside merit but presume,
 Or serve (like other Fools) to fill a Room ;
 Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
 Or their fond parents drest in red and gold ;
 Or where the pictures for the page atone,
 And *Quarles* is sav'd by beauties not his own.
 Here swells the shelf with *Ogilby* the great ;
 There, stamp'd with arms, *Newcastle* shines complete.

Here all his suff'ring Brotherhood retire,
 And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire.
A Gothic Library ! of Greece and Rome
 Well purg'd, and worthy *Settle, Banks, and Broome*.

But, high above, more solid Learning shone,
 The Classics of an age that heard of none ;
 There *Caxton* slept, with *Wynkyn* at his fide,
 One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide :
 There, sav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year,
 Dry Bodies of Divinity appear ;
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
 And here the groaning shelves *Philemon* bends.

Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,
 Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
 Inspir'd he seizes : These an altar raise ;
 An hecatomb of pure unfully'd lays
 That altar crowns ; a folio Common-place
 Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base :
 Quartos, octavos, shape the less'ning pyre ;
 A twisted Birth day Ode completes the spire.

IBID. p. 81.

CIBBER'S CONSECRATION.

WITH that a Tear (portentous sign of Grace!)
 Stole from the Master of the sev'nfold Face ;
 And thrice he lifted high the Birth-day brand,
 And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand ;
 Then lights the structure, with averted eyes ;
 The rolling smoke involves the sacrifice.
 The op'ning clouds disclose each work by turns,
 Now flames the *Cid*, and now *Perolla* burns ;
 Great *Cæsar* roars, and hisses in the fires ;
King John in silence modestly expires ;
 No merit now the dear *Nonjuror* claims,
Moliere's old stubble in a moment flames.
 Tears gush'd again, as from pale *Priam*'s eyes,
 When the last blaze sent *Ilion* to the skies.

Rous'd by the light, old Dullness heav'd the
 head,
 Then snatch'd a sheet of *Thulè* from her bed ;
 Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre ;
 Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.

Her ample presence fills up all the place ;
 A veil of fogs dilates her aweful face :
 Great in her charms ! as when on Shrieves and
 May'rs
 She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.
 She bids him wait her to her sacred dome :
 Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home.

So Spirits, ending their terrestrial race,
Ascend, and recognise their Native Place.
This the Great Mother dearer held than all
The clubs of *Quidnuncs*, or her own *Guildball* :
Here stood her Opium, here she nurs'd her Owls,
And here she plann'd th'Imperial seat of Fools.

Here, to her Chosen, all her Works she shows ;
Prose swell'd to verse, verse loit'ring into prose :
How random thoughts now meaning chance to
find,

Now leave all memory of sense behind :
How Prologues into Prefaces decay,
And these to Notes are fritter'd quite away :
How Index-learning turns no Student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail :
How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to *France*, and none to *Rome* or *Greece*,
A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new Piece,
'Twixt *Plautus*, *Fletcher*, *Shakespeare*, and *Corneille*,
Can make a *Cibber*, *Tibbald*, or *Ozell*.

The Goddefs then, o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words, the sacred Opium shed :
And, lo ! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
Something betwixt a *Heideggre* and Owl)
Perch'd on his crown. " All hail ! and hail again,
My Son ! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
Know, *Eusden* thirsts no more for Sack or praise ;
He sleeps among the dull of ancient days :

Safe, where no Critics damn, no Duns moleft,
 Where wretched *Withers*, *Ward*, and *Gildon* rest,
 And high-born *Howard*, more majestic fire,
 With Fool of Quality completes the quire.
 Thou, *Cibber*! thou, his Laurel shalt support;
 Folly, my Son, has still a Friend at Court.
 Lift up your Gates, ye Princes, see him come!
 Sound, sound ye Viols! be the Cat-call dumb!
 Bring, bring the madding Bay, the drunken Vine,
 The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.
 And thou, his Aid-de-camp, lead on my Sons,
 Light-arm'd with Points, Antitheses, and Puns:
 Let Bawdry, *Billingsgate*, my Daughter dear,
 Support his front; and Oaths bring up the rear:
 And under his, and under *Archer*'s wing,
 Gaming and *Grub-street* skulk behind the King.

“ O! when shall rise a Monarch all our own,
 And I, a Nursing-mother, rock the Throne;
 'Twixt Prince and People close the curtain draw,
 Shade him from Light, and cover him from Law;
 Fatten the Courtier, starve the learned Band,
 And suckle Armies, and dry-nurse the Land:
 'Till Senates nod to Lullabies divine,
 And all be sleep, as at an Ode of thine!”

She ceas'd. Then swells the Chapel-Royal
 throat,
 God save King *Cibber*! mounts in ev'ry note.

Fami-

Familiar *White's*, God save King *Colley*! cries;
 God save King *Colley*! *Drury-lane* replies:
 To *Needham's* quick the voice triumphal rode,
 But pious *Needham* dropt the name of God:
 Back to the Devil the last echoes roll,
 And *Coll!* each Butcher roars at *Hockley-hole*.

So when *Jove's* block descended from on high,
 (As sings thy great forefather *Ogilby*)
 Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
 And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save King
 Log!

I B I D. p. 97.

T H E G A M E S.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far out-shone
Henley's gilt tub, or *Fleckno's* *Irifb* throne,
 Or that where on her Curls the Public pours,
 All-bounteous, fragrant grains and golden show'rs,
 Great *Cibber* fate: the proud *Parnassian* sneer,
 The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
 Mix on his look: All eyes direct their rays
 On him, and crowds turn Coxcombs as they gaze.
 His Peers shine round him with reflected grace,
 New edge their dullness, and new bronze their
 face.
 So from the Sun's broad beam, in shallow urns
 Heav'n's twinkling Sparks draw light, and point
 their horns.

Not

Not with more glee, by hands pontific crown'd,
 With scarlet hats wide waving circled round,
Rome in her Capitol saw *Querno* sit,
 Thron'd on sev'n hills, the Antichrist of Wit.

And now the Queen, to glad her sons, pro-
 claims
 By herald Hawkers, high heroic Games.
 They summon all her Race: an endless band
 Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land.
 A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
 In silks, in crapes, in Garters, and in rags;
 From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets;
 On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots:
 All who true Dunces in her cause appear'd,
 And all who knew those Dunces to reward.

Amid that area wide they took their stand,
 Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the
Strand,
 But now (so *ANNE* and Piety ordain)
 A Church collects the Saints of *Drury-lane*.

With Authors, Stationers obey'd the call,
 (The field of glory is a field for all.)
 Glory and gain, th'industrious tribe provoke;
 And gentle Dullness ever loves a joke.
 A Poet's form she plac'd before their eyes,
 And bad the nimblest racer seize the prize;
 No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
 In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin;

But

But such a bulk as no twelve Bards could raise,
Twelve starv'ling Bards of these degen'rate days ;
All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,
She form'd this image of well-body'd air ;
With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head ;
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead ;
And empty words she gave, and sounding strain ;
But senseless, lifeless ! idol void and vain !
Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
A Fool, so just a copy of a Wit ;
So like, that Critics said, and Courtiers swore,
A Wit it was, and call'd the phantom *More*.

All gaze with ardour: Some a Poet's name,
Others a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame.
But lofty *Lintot* in the circle rose :
“ This prize is mine ; who tempt it are my foes ;
“ With me began this Genius, and shall end.”
He spoke : and who with *Lintot* shall contend ?

Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless *Curl* : “ Behold that rival here !
“ The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won ;
“ So take the hindmost, Hell ! ” (he said) and
run.

Swift as a Bard the Bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge *Lintot*, and out-stript the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and
hops ;

So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,
 Wide as a windmill all his figure spread ;
 With arms expanded, *Bernard* rows his state,
 And left-legg'd *Jacob* seems to emulate.
 Full in the middle way there stood a lake
 Which *Curl*'s *Corinna* chanc'd that morn to make :
 (Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
 Her ev'ning cates before his neighbour's shop.)
 Here fortun'd *Curl* to slide ; loud shout the band ;
 And *Bernard* ! *Bernard* ! rings thro' all the *Strand*.
 Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd,
 Fall'n in the *plash* his wickedness had laid :
 Then first (if Poets aught of truth declare)
 The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a pray'r.

I BID. p. 109.

SEE in the circle next, *Eliza* plac'd,
 Two babes of love close clinging to her waist ;
 Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,
 In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous *Kirkall* dress'd.
 The Goddefs then : " Who best can send on high
 " The salient spout, far streaming to the sky ;
 " His be yon *Juno* of majestic size,
 " With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
 " This China Jordan let the Chief o'ercome
 " Replenish, not ingloriously, at home."

Osborne and *Curl* accept the glorious strife,
 (Though this his Son dissuades, and that his Wife.)
 One on his manly confidence relies ;
 One on his vigour and superior size.

First

First *Osborne* lean'd against his letter'd post ;
It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most :
So *Jove*'s bright bow displays its wat'ry round,
(Sure sign that no spectator shall be drown'd.)
A second effort brought but new disgrace,
The wild meander wash'd the Artist's face :
Thus the small jett, which hasty hands unlock,
Spirits in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock.
Not so from shameless *Curl* : impetuous spread
The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head :
So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
Eridanus his humble fountain scorns ;
Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th'exalted urn ;
His rapid waters in their passage burn.

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes :
Still happy impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'ft Victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd Dame, soft-smiling, lead'ft away.
Osborne, through perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home.

But now for Authors nobler palms remain :
Room for my Lord ! three jockies in his train ;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair :
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His Honour's meaning Dullness thus exprest,
" He wins this Patron, who can tickle best."

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state :
With ready quills the Dedicators wait :

Now

Now at his head the dext'rous task commence,
 And, instant, fancy feels th'imputed sense ;
 Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
 He struts *Adonis*, and affects grimace ;
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,
 Then his nice taste directs our Operas ;
Bentley his mouth with classic flatt'ry opes,
 And the puff'd Orator bursts out in tropes :
 But *Welford* moist the Poet's healing balm
 Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm ;
 Unlucky *Welford* ! thy unfeeling master,
 The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster.

While thus each hand promotes the pleasing
 pain,
 And quick sensations skip from vein to vein ;
 A Youth unknown to *Phœbus*, in despair,
 Puts his large refuge all in heav'n and pray'r.
 What force have pious vows ! The Queen of Love
 Her sister sends, her vot'ress, from above ;
 As, taught by *Venus*, *Paris* learnt the art
 To touch *Achilles'* only tender part ;
 Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry,
 He marches off, his Grace's Secretary.

Now turn to diff'rent sports (the Goddess cries)
 And learn, my Sons, the wond'rous pow'r of
 Noise.
 To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart
 With *Shakespeare*'s nature, or with *Jonson*'s art.

Let

Let others aim: 'Tis yours to shake the soul
 With thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl,
 With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
 Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell!
 Such happy arts attention can command,
 When Fancy flags, and Sense is at a stand.
 Improve we these. Three Cat-calls be the bribe
 Of him, whose chatt'ring shames the Monkey tribe:
 And his this Drum, whose hoarse heroic bafs
 Drowns the loud clarion of the braying Ass.

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din:
 The Monkey-mimics rush discordant in;
 'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring,
 all,
 And Noise and *Norton*, Brangling and *Breval*;
Dennis and Dissonance, and captious Art,
 And Saip-snap short, and Interruption smart;
 And Demonstration thin, and Theses thick,
 And Major, Minor, and Conclusion quick.
 Hold (cry'd the Queen)—A Cat-call each shall win;
 Equal your merits! equal is your din!
 But that this well-disputed game may end,
 Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.

IBID. p. 126.

This labour past, by *Bridewell* all descend,
 (As morning-pray'r and flagellation end)
 To where *Fleet-ditch* with disemboguing streams
 Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to *Thames*,

R

The

The King of dykes ! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.

“ Here strip, my children ! here at once leap in,
“ Here prove who best can dash thro’ thick and thin,
“ And who the most in love of dirt excel,
“ Or dark dexterity of groping well.
“ Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
“ The stream, be his the weekly Journals bound ;
“ A pig of lead to him who dives the best ;
“ A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest.”

In naked majesty *Oldmixon* stands,
And *Milo*-like surveys his arms and hands ;
Then fighing thus, “ And am I now threescore ?
“ Ah, why, ye Gods ! should two and two make
“ four ?”

He said, and climb’d a stranded lighter’s height,
Shot to the black abyss, and plung’d downright.
The Senior’s judgment all the crowd admire,
Who, but to sink the deeper, rose the higher.

Next *Smedley* div’d ; slow circles dimpled o’er
The quaking mud, that clos’d and op’d no more.
All look, all figh, and call on *Smedley* lost ;
Smedley in vain resounds through all the coast.

Then — essay’d ; scarce vanish’d out of sight,
He buoys up instant, and returns to light :
He bears no tokens of the sable streams,
And mounts far off among the Swans of *Thames*.

True to the bottom, see *Concanen* creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep :
If perseverance gain the Diver's prize,
Not everlasting *Blackmore* this denies :
No noise, no stir, no motion can't thou make,
Th'unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.

Next plung'd a feeble, but a desp'rate pack,
With each a sickly brother at his back :
Sons of a Day ! just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names ? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those.
Fast by, like *Niobe* (her children gone),
Sits Mother *Osborne*, stupified to stone !
And Monumental Brass this record bears,
" These are,—ah no ! these were the Gazetteers !"

Not so bold *Arnall* ; with a weight of skull,
Furious he drives, precipitately dull.
Whirlpools and storms his circling arm invest,
With all the might of gravitation blest.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance,
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the Journal and the Lead.

The plunging Prelate, and his pond'rous Grace,
With holy envy gave one Layman place.
When, lo ! a burst of thunder shook the flood,
Slow rose a form, in majesty of Mud ;

Shaking the horrors of his fable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares ;
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares.

First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the Mud-nymphs suck'd him in :
How young *Lutetia*, softer than the down,
Nigrina black, and *Mermadante* brown,
Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below,
As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago :
Then fung, how shown him by the Nut-brown maids
A branch of *Styx* here rises from the Shades,
That, tinctur'd as it runs with *Lethe*'s streams,
And wafting Vapours from the land of dreams,
(As under seas *Alpheus*' secret sluice
Bears *Pisa*'s off'ring to his *Arebuse*)
Pours into *Thames* : and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave :
Here brisker vapours o'er the TEMPLE creep ;
There, all from *Paul's* to *Aldgate* drink and sleep.

Thence to the banks where rev'rend bards repose,
They led him soft ; each rev'rend bard arose ;
And *Milbourn* chief, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest.
" Receive (he said) these robes which once were
 " mine,
" Dulness is sacred in a sound divine."
He ceas'd, and spread the robe ; the crowd confess
The rev'rend Flamen in his lengthen'd dress.

Around

Around him wide a fable Army stand,
 A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,
 Prompt or to guard or stab, to saint or damn,
 Heav'n's *Swis*, who fight for any God, or Man.

IBID. p. 136.

HENLEY.

BUT, where each Science lifts its modern type,
 Hist'ry her Pot, Divinity her Pipe,
 While proud Philosophy repines to show,
 Dishonest fight ! his breeches rent below ;
 Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo ! *Henley* stands,
 Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.
 How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue !
 How sweet the periods, neither said, nor sung !
 Still break the benches, *Henley* ! with thy strain,
 While *Sherlock*, *Hare*, and *Gibson* preach in vain.
 Oh great Restorer of the good old Stage,
 Preacher at once, and *Zany* of thy age !
 Oh worthy thou of *Ægypt*'s wise abodes,
 A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods !
 But Fate with Butchers plac'd thy priestly stall,
 Meek modern faith to murder, hâck, and mawl ;
 And bad thee live, to crown *Britannia*'s praise,
 In *Toland*'s, *Tindal*'s, and in *Woolston*'s days.

IBID. p. 171.

THE COURT OF DULLNESS.

NOW sham'd the Dog-star's unpropitious ray,
 Smote ev'ry Brain, and wither'd ev'ry Bay ;

R 3

Sick

Sick was the Sun, the Owl forsook his bow'r,
 The moon-struck Prophet felt the madding hour :
 Then rose the Seed of Chaos, and of Night,
 To blot out Order, and extinguish Light,
 Of dull and venal a new World to mold,
 And bring *Saturnian* days of Lead and Gold.

She mounts the Throne ; her head a cloud conceal'd,
 In broad Effulgence all below reveal'd,
 ('Tis thus aspiring Dullness ever shines)
 Soft on her lap her Laureate son reclines.

Beneath her footstool, *Science* groans in Chains,
 And *Wit* dreads Exile, Penalties, and Pains.
 There foam'd rebellious *Logic*, gagg'd and bound ;
 There, stript, fair *Rhet'ric* languish'd on the ground ;
 His blunted Arms by *Sophistry* are born,
 And shameless *Billinggate* her Robes adorn.
Morality, by her false Guardians drawn,
Chicane in Furs, and *Casuistry* in Lawn,
 Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
 And dies, when Dullness gives her Page the word.
Mad Mathefis alone was unconfin'd,
 Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
 Now to pure Space lifts her extatic stare,
 Now running round the Circle, finds its square.
 But held in tenfold bonds the *Muses* lie,
 Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye ;
 There to her heart sad Tragedy address'd
 The dagger wont to pierce the Tyrant's breast ;

But

But sober History restrain'd her rage,
 And promis'd vengeance on a barb'rous age.
 There sunk *Thalia*, nerveless, cold, and dead,
 Had not her Sister Satire held her head ;
 Nor could'st thou, *Chesterfield* ! a tear refuse,
 Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle Muse.

When, lo ! a Harlot-form soft sliding by,
 With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye ;
 Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
 In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aside ;
 By singing Peers upheld on either hand,
 She trip'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand :
 Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look,
 Then thus in quaint Recitativo spoke.

O *Cara ! Cara !* silence all that train :
 Joy to great Chaös ! let Division reign :
 Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
 Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense :
 One Trill shall harmonise joy, grief, and rage,
 Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage ;
 To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
 And all thy yawning daughters cry, *encore*.
 Another *Phæbus*, thy own *Phæbus*, reigns,
 Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
 But soon, ah soev., Rebellion will commence,
 If Music meanly borrows aid from Sense :
 Strong in new Arms, lo ! Giant *Handel* stands,
 Like bold *Briareus*, with an hundred hands ;
 To stir, to rouze, to shake the Soul he comes,
 And *Jove's* own Thunders follow *Mars's* Drums.

Arrest

Arrest him, Empress, or you sleep no more—
She heard, and drove him to th'*Hibernian* shore.

IBID. p. 190.

SCHOLASTIC TERROR.

WHEN, lo! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
Held forth the Virtue of the dreadful wand ;
His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with Infant's blood, and Mother's tears.
O'er ev'ry vein a shudd'ring horror runs ;
Eton and *Winton* shake through all their Sons.
All Flesh is humbled, *Westminster*'s bold race
Shrink, and confess the Genius of the place :
The pale Boy-Senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.

IBID. p. 201.

PEDANTRY.

PROMPT at the call, around the Goddess roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a fable shoal :
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of *Aristotle*'s friends.
Nor wert thou, *Iris*! wanting to the day,
Tho' *Christ-church* long kept prudishly away.
Each staunch Polemic, stubborn as a rock,
Each fierce Logician, still expelling *Locke*,
Came whip and spur, and dash'd thro' thin and
thick,
On *German* *Crouzaz*, and *Dutch* *Burgersdyck*.
As many quit the streams that murmur ring fall
To lull the sons of *Marg'ret* and *Clare-hall*,

Where

Where *Bentley* late tempestuous wont to sport
 In troubled waters, but now sleeps in Port.
 Before them march'd that awful *Aristarch* ;
 Plow'd was his front with many a deep Remark :
 His Hat, which never vail'd to human pride,
Walker with rev'rence took, and laid aside.
 Low bow'd the rest : He, kingly, did but nod ;
 So upright Quakers please both Man and God.
 Mistress ! dismiss that rabble from your throne :
 Avaunt—is *Aristarchus* yet unknown ?
 The mighty Scholiaſt, whose unweary'd pains
 Made *Horace* dull, and humbled *Milton*'s strains.
 Turn what they will to Verse, their toil is vain,
 Critics like me shall make it prose again.
Roman and *Greek* Grammarians ! know your Better :
 Author or something yet more great than Letter ;
 While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet like *Saul*,
 Stands our *Digamma*, and o'ertops them all.
 'Tis true, on Words is still our whole debate,
 Disputes of *Me* or *Te*, of *aut* or *at* ;
 To sound or fink in *cano* O or A,
 Or give up *Cicero* to C or K.

IBID. p. 206.

THE COURTIER.

IN flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
 And, titt'ring, push'd the Pedants off the place :
 Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
 By the *French*-horn, or by the op'ning hound.
 The firſt came forwards, with as easy mien,
 As if he saw *St. James*'s and the Queen.

When

When thus th'attendant Orator begun ;
 Receive, great Empress ! thy accomplish'd Son :
 Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
 A dauntless infant ! never scar'd with God.

The Sire saw, one by one, his Virtues wake :
 The Mother begg'd the blessing of a Rake.
 Thou gav'st that Ripeness, which so soon began,
 And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was Boy, nor Man ;
 Thro' School and College, thy kind cloud o'ercast,
 Safe and unseen the young *Aeneas* past :
 Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
 Stunn'd with his his giddy Larum half the town.
 Intrepid, then, o'er seas and lands he flew :
Europe he saw, and *Europe* saw him too.
 There all thy gifts and graces we display,
 Thou, only thou, directing all our way :
 To where the *Seine*, obsequious as she runs,
 Pours at great *Bourbon*'s feet her silken sons ;
 Or *Tyber*, now no longer *Roman*, rolls,
 Vain of *Italian* Arts, *Italian* Souls :
 To happy Convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
 Where slumber Abbots, purple as their wines :
 To Isles of Fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
 Diffusing languor in the panting gales :
 To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves,
 Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-resounding waves.
 But chief her shrine where naked *Venus* keeps,
 And *Cupids* ride the Lion of the Deepes ;
 Where, eas'd of Fleets, the *Adriatic* main
 Wafts the smooth Eunuch and enamour'd swain.

Led

Led by my hand, he saunter'd *Europe* round,
 And gather'd ev'ry Vice on Christian ground ;
 Saw ev'ry Court, heard ev'ry King declare
 His royal Sense, of Op'ras or the Fair ;
 The Stews and Palace equally explor'd,
 Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd ;
 Try'd all *hors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd,
 Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd ;
 Dropt the dull lumber of the *Latin* store,
 Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more ;
 All Classic learning lost on Classic ground ;
 And last turn'd *Air*, the Echo of a Sound !
 See now, half cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
 With nothing but a Solo in his head ;
 As much Estate, and Principle, and Wit,
 As *Jansen*, *Fleetwood*, *Cibber* shall think fit ;
 Stol'n from a Duel, follow'd by a Nun,
 And, if a Borough chuse him, not undone !
 See, to my country happy I restore
 This glorious Youth, and add one *Venus* more.
 Her too receive (for her my soul adores) ;
 So may the sons of sons of sons of whores,
 Prop thine, O Empress ! like each neighbour Throne,
 And make a long Posterity thy own.

IBID. p. 214.

PHILOSOPHY.

THEN thick as Locusts black'ning all the
 ground,
 A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
 Each

Each with some wond'rous gift approach'd the
Pow'r,
A Nest, a Toad, a Fungus, or a Flow'r.
But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,
And aspect ardent, to the throne appeal.

The first thus open'd: Hear thy suppliant's call,
Great Queen, and common mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this Flow'r,
Suckled, and clear'd, with air, and sun, and show'r:
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
Bright with the gilded button tipt its head.
Then thron'd in glass, and nam'd it *Caroline*:
Each maid cry'd, Charming! and each youth, Di-
vine!

Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays,
Such vary'd light in one promiscuous blaze!
Now prostrate! dead! behold that *Caroline*:
No maid cries, Charming! and no youth, Divine!
And lo the wretch! whose vile, whose insect lust
Lay'd this gay daughter of the Spring in dust.
Oh punish him, or to th'*Elysian* shades
Dismiss my soul, where no Carnation fades.
He ceas'd and wept. With innocence of mien,
Th'Accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the
Queen:

Of all th'enamel'd race, whose silv'ry wing
Waves to the tepid Zephyrs of the spring,
Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
Once brightest shin'd this child of Heat and Air.

I saw,

I saw, and started from its vernal bow'r
 The rising game, and chas'd from flow'r to flow'r.
 It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
 It stopp'd, I stopp'd; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
 At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd;
 And, where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seiz'd:
 Rose or Carnation was below my care;
 I meddle, Goddess! only in my sphere.
 I tell the naked fact without disguise,
 And, to excuse it, need but shew the prize;
 Whose spoils this Paper offers to your eye,
 Fair e'en in death! this peerless *Butterfly*.

My sons! (she answer'd) both have done your
 parts:
 Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
 But hear a Mother, when she recommends
 To your fraternal care our sleeping friends.
 The common Soul, of Heav'n's more frugal make,
 Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake;
 A drowsy Watchman, that just gives a knock,
 And breaks our rest, to tell us what's o'clock.
 Yet by some object ev'ry brain is stirr'd;
 The dull may waken to a Humming-bird;
 The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
 Congenial matter in the Cockle-kind;
 The Mind, in Metaphysics at a loss,
 May wander in a wilderness of Moss;
 The head that turns at superlunar things,
 Pois'd with a tail, may steer on *Wilkins'* wings.

O ! would the Sons of Men once think their Eyes
And Reason giv'n them but to study *Flies* !
See Nature in some partial narrow shape,
And let the Author of the whole escape ;
Learn but to trifle ; or, who most observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve.

Be that my task (replies a gloomy Clerk,
Sworn foe to *Myst'ry*, yet divinely dark ;
Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
When Moral Evidence shall quite decay,
And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize :)
Let others creep by timid steps, and slow,
On plain Experience lay foundations low,
By common sense to common knowledge bred,
And last, to Nature's Cause through Nature led.
All seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
Mother of Arrogance, and Source of Pride !
We nobly take the high *Priori* Road,
And reason downward, till we doubt of God.
Make Nature still encroach upon his plan ;
And shove him off as far as e'er we can :
Thrust some Mechanic Cause into his place ;
Or bind in Matter, or diffuse in Space.
Or, at one bound o'erleaping all his laws,
Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cause :
Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn,
See all in *Self*, and but for self be born :
Of nought so certain as our *Reason* still,
Of nought so doubtful as of *Soul* and *Will*.

Oh

Oh hide the God still more ! and make us see,
 Such as *Lucretius* drew, a God like Thee :
 Wrapt up in Self, a God withour a Thought,
 Regardless of our merit or default.
 Or that bright Image to our fancy draw,
 Which *Theocles* in raptur'd vision saw.
 Wild through Poetic scenes the **GENIUS** roves,
 Or wanders wild in Academic Groves ;
 That **NATURE** our Society adores,
 Where *Tindal* dictates, and *Silenus* snores.

I.BID. p. 223.

THE CONVOCATION DISMISSED,

NEXT, bidding all draw near on bended knees,
 The Queen confers her *Titles and Degrees*.
 Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
 Who study *Shakespeare* at the Inns of Court,
 Impale a Glow-worm, or *Virtù* profess,
 Shine in the dignity of F.R.S.
 Some, deep Free-masons, join the silent race,
 Worthy to fill *Pythagoras*'s place :
 Some Botanists, or Florists at the least,
 Or issue Members of an Annual feast,
 Nor past the meanest unregarded, one
 Rose a *Gregorian*, one a *Gormogon*,
 The last, not least in honour or applause,
Iris and *Cam* made **DOCTORS** of her **LAWs**.

Then, blessing all, Go, Children of my care !
 To Practice now from Theory repair.
 All my commands are easy, short, and full :
 My Sons ! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.

Guard my Prerogative, assert my Throne :
 This Nod confirms each Privilege your own.
 The Cap and Switch be sacred to his Grace ;
 With Staffs and Pumps the Marquis leads the race ;
 From Stage to Stage the licens'd Earl may run,
 Pair'd with his Fellow-Charioteer the Sun ;
 The learned Baron Butterflies design,
 Or draw to silk *Arachne's* subtil line ;
 The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call ;
 The Senator at Cricket urge the ball ;
 The Bishop stow (Pontific Luxury !)
 An hundred Souls of Turkeys in a pye ;
 The sturdy 'Squire to *Gallic* masters stoop,
 And drown his Lands and Manors in a Soup.
 Others import yet nobler arts from *France*,
 Teach Kings to fiddle, and make Senates dance.
 Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
 Proud to my list to add one Monarch more :
 And nobly conscious, Princes are but things
 Born for First Ministers, as Slaves for Kings.
 Tyrant supreme ! shall three Estates command,
 And MAKE ONE MIGHTY DUNCIAD OF THE
 LAND !

More she had spoke, but yawn'd—All Nature
 nods :

What Mortal can resist the Yawn of Gods ?
 Churches and Chapels instantly it reach'd :
 (*St. James's* first, for leaden *G*—preach'd) ;
 Then catch'd the Schools ; the Hall scarce kept
 awake ;
 The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak :

Lost

Lost was the Nation's Sense, nor could be found,
 While the long solemn Unison went round :
 Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm ;
 E'en *Palinurus* nodded at the Helm :
 The Vapour mild o'er each Committee crept ;
 Unfinish'd Treaties in each Office slept ;
 And Chiefless Armies doz'd out the Campaign ;
 And Navies yawn'd for Orders on the Main.

O Muse ! relate (for you can tell alone,
 Wits have short Memories, and Dunces none)
 Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest ;
 Whose Heads she partly, whose completely blest ;
 What charms could Faction, what Ambition lull,
 The Venal quiet, and entrance the Dull ;
 Till drown'd was Sense, and Shame, and Right, and
 Wrong—

O sing, and hush the Nations with thy Song !

* * * * *

In vain, in vain,—the all-composing Hour
 Resistless falls : the Muse obeys the Pow'r.
 She comes ! she comes ! the fable Throne behold
 Of *Night* Primæval, and of *Chaos* old !
 Before her, *Fancy*'s gilded clouds decay,
 And all its varying Rain-bows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
 The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
 As one by one, at dread *Medea*'s strain,
 The sick'ning stars fade off th'ethereal plain ;
 As *Argus*' eyes, by *Hermes*' wand opprest,
 Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest ;

Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after *Art* goes out, and all is Night :
 See skulking *Truth* to her old cavern fled,
 Mountains of *Casuistry* heap'd o'er her head !
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
 Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of *Metaphysic* begs defence,
 And *Metaphysic* calls for aid on *Sense* !
 See *Mystery* to *Mathematics* fly !
 In vain ! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
 And unawares *Morality* expires.
 Nor *public* Flame, nor *private*, dares to shine ;
 Nor *human* Spark is left, nor *Glimpse divine* !
 Lo ! thy dread *Empire*, *Chaos* ! is restor'd,
 Light dies before thy uncreating word :
 Thy hand, Great *Anarch* ! lets the curtain fall ;
 And universal *Darkness* buries All.

IBID. p. 236.

THE COUNTRY.

AS some fond Virgin, whom her mother's care
 Drags from the Town to wholesome Country air,
 Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
 And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh ;
 From the dear man unwilling she must sever,
 Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever :
 Thus from the world fair *Zephalinda* flew,
 Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew ;

Not

Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent,
She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went.

She went to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-fashion'd halls, dull Aunts, and croaking
rooks :

She went from Op'ra, Park, Assembly, Play,
To morning-walks, and pray'rs three hours a-day ;
To part her time 'twixt reading and Bohea,
To muse, and spill her solitary tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon ;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the 'Squire ;
Up to her godly garret after seven,
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

Some 'Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack ;
Whose game is Whist, whose treat a toast in sack ;
Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,
Then gives a smacking bus, and cries,—No words !
Or with his hound comes hallooing from the stable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table ;
Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are coarse,
And loves you best of all things—but his horse.

In some fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
You dream of Triumphs in the rural shade ;
In pensive thought recall' the fancy'd scene,
See Coronations rise on ev'ry green ;
Before you pass th'imaginary sights
Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd
Knights,

While

While the spread fan o'ershades your closing eyes ;
 'Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
 Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
 And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls !

So when your Slave, at some dear idle time,
 (Not plagu'd with head-achs, or the want of rhyme)
 Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
 And while he seems to study, thinks of you ;
 Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,
 Or sees the blush of soft *Parthenia* rise,
Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
 Streets, Chairs, and Coxcombs rush upon my sight ;
 Vex'd to be still in town, I knit my brow,
 Look sour, and hum a Tune, as you may now.

EPISTLE TO A LADY, V. 4. P. 33.

ON THE HON. SIMON HAROURT,

ONLY SON OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR HAR-
 COURT, AT THE CHURCH OF STANTON-
 HAROURT, IN OXFORDSHIRE. 1720.

TO this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art ! draw near :
 Here lies the Friend most lov'd, the Son most dear ;
 Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendship might divide,
 Or gave his Father Grief but when he dy'd.

How vain is Reason, Eloquence how weak !
 If *Pope* must tell what *Harcourt* cannot speak.
 Oh let thy once-lov'd Friend inscribe thy Stone,
 And, with a Father's sorrows, mix his own !

EPITAPHS, V. 4. P. 52.

ON M R. G A Y,
IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY. 1732.

OF Manners gentle, of Affections mild ;
 In Wit, a Man ; Simplicity, a Child :
 With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,
 Form'd to delight at once and lash the age :
 Above Temptation in a low Estate,
 And uncorrupted, e'en among the Great :
 A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,
 Unblam'd through Life, lamented in thy End.
 These are Thy Honours ! not that here thy Dust
 Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy dust ;
 But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms,—*Here lies Gay !*

IBID. P. 57.

ON DR. FRANCIS ATTERTBURY,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER,

Who died in Exile at *Paris*, 1732.

[His only Daughter having expired in his Arms,
 immediately after she arrived in *France* to see
 him.]

D I A L O G U E.

SHE.

YES, we have liv'd—One Pang, and then we
 part !

May Heav'n, dear Father ! now have all thy Heart.
 Yet ah ! how once we lov'd, remember still,
 Till you are dust like me.

HE.

HE.

Dear Shade ! I will :

'Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless Ghost !
O more than Fortune, Friends, or Country lost !
Is there on Earth, one care, one wish beside ?
Yes—SAVE MY COUNTRY, HEAV'N !

—He said, and dy'd.

IBID. p. 58.

THE

THE BIRTH OF MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

NOR was the Birth of this great man unattended with Prodigies: He himself has often told me, that on the night before he was born, Mrs. *Scriblerus* dream'd she was brought to bed of a huge *Ink-horn*, out of which issued several large streams of ink, as it had been a fountain. This dream was by her husband thought to signify, that the child should prove a very voluminous Writer. Likewise a *Crab-tree*, that had been hitherto barren, appeared on a sudden laden with a vast quantity of Crabs: This sign also the old gentleman imagined to be a prognostic of the acuteness of his Wit. A great swarm of *Wasps* played round his cradle without hurting him, but were very troublesome to all in the room besides: This seemed a certain presage of the effects of his Satire. A Dunghill was seen within the space of one night to be covered all over with *Mushrooms*: This some interpreted to promise the infant great fertility of Fancy, but no long duration to his works; but the Father was of another opinion.

But what was of all most wonderful was a thing that seemed a monstrous *Fowl*, which just then dropt through the sky-light, near his wife's apartment. It had a large body, two little disproportioned wings, a prodigious tail, but no head. As its colour was white, he took it at first sight for a Swan, and

and was concluding his son would be a Poet; but, on a nearer view, he perceived it to be speckled with black, in the form of letters; and that it was indeed a Paper-kite which had broke its leash by the impetuosity of the wind. His back was armed with the Art Military, his belly was filled with Physic, his wings were the wings of *Quarles* and *Withers*, the several Nodes of his voluminous tail were diversified with several branches of Science; where the Doctor beheld with great joy a knot of Logic, a knot of Metaphysic, a knot of Casuistry, a knot of Polemical Divinity, and a knot of Common Law, with a *Lanthorn of Jacob Behmen*.

There went a report in the family, that, as soon as he was born, he uttered the voice of nine several animals: he cried like a Calf, bled like a Sheep, chattered like a Magpye, grunted like a Hog, neigh'd like a Foal, croaked like a Raven, mewed like a Cat, gabbed like a Goose, and brayed like an Ass: and the next morning he was found playing in his bed with two Owls, which came down the chimney. His Father was greatly rejoiced at all these signs, which betokened the variety of his Eloquence, and the extent of his Learning; but he was more particularly pleased with the last, as it nearly resembled what happened at the birth of *Homer*.

MEMOIRS OF MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS,

v. 4 P. 74.

THE

THE DOCTOR AND HIS SHIELD.

THE day of the Christ'ning being come, and the house filled with Gossips, the Levity of whose Conversation suited but ill with the Gravity of Dr. *Cornelius*, he cast about how to pass this day more agreeable to his Character; that is to say, not without some *Profitable Conference*, nor wholly without observance of some *Ancient Custom*.

He remembered to have read in *Theocritus*, that the Cradle of *Hercules* was a Shield: and being possessed of an antique *Buckler*, which he held as a most inestimable Relick, he determined to have the infant laid therein, and in that manner brought into the Study, to be shewn to certain learnsd men of his acquaintance.

The regard he had for this Shield, had caused him formerly to compile a Dissertation concerning it, proving from the several properties, and particularly the colour of the Rust, the exact chronology thereof.

With this treatise, and a moderate supper, he proposed to entertain his Guests; though he had also another design, to have their assistance in the calculation of his Son's *Nativity*.

He therefore took the Buckler out of a Case (in which he always kept it, lest it might contract

T any

any modern Rust), and intrusted it to his House-maid, with others, that, when the company was come, she should lay the child carefully in it, covered with a mantle of blue Sattin.

The Guests were no sooner seated, but they entered into a warm Debate about the *Triclinium*, and the manner of *Decubitus* of the Ancients, which *Cornelius* broke off in this manner :

“ This Day, my friends, I purpose to exhibit
“ my Son before you ; a Child not wholly unworthy
“ of inspection, as he is descended from a Race of
“ Virtuosi. Let the Phisiognomist examine his
“ features ; let the Chirographists behold his Palm ;
“ but, above all, let us consult for the calculation
“ of his Nativity. To this end, as the child is
“ not vulgar, I will not present him unto you in a
“ vulgar manner. He shall be cradled in my An-
“ cient Shield, so famous through the Universities
“ of *Europe*. You all know how I purchased
“ that invaluable piece of Antiquity, at the great
“ (tho’ indeed inadequate) expence of all the
“ Plate of our family, how happily I carried it off,
“ and how triumphantly I transported it hither,
“ to the inexpressible grief of all *Germany*. Hap-
“ py in every circumstance, but that it broke the
“ heart of the great *Melchior Insipidus* !”

Here he stopped his Speech, upon sight of the Maid, who entered the room with the Child : He took it in his arms, and proceeded :

“ Behold

“ Behold then my Child, but first behold the
 “ Shield: Behold this Rust,—or rather let me call
 “ it this precious *Ærugo* ;—behold this beautiful
 “ varnish of Time,—this venerable Verdure of so
 “ many ages !”—In speaking these words, he
 slowly lifted up the Mantle, which covered it,
 inch by inch ; but at every inch he uncovered,
 his cheeks grew paler, his hand trembled, his
 nerves failed, till on sight of the whole the Tre-
 mor became universal: The Shield and the Infant
 both dropped to the ground, and he had only
 strength enough to cry out, “ O God ! my Shield,
 “ my Shield !”

The truth was, the Maid (extremely concerned
 for the reputation of her own cleanliness, and her
 young master’s honour) had scoured it as clean as
 her Hand-irons.

Cornelius sunk back on a chair, the Guests stood
 astonished, the Infant squall’d, the maid ran in,
 snatched it up again in her arms, flew into her
 mistress’s room, and told what had happened.
 Down stairs in an instant hurried all the Gossips,
 where they found the Doctor in a Trance: *Hun-*
gary water, Hartshorn, and the confused noise of
 shrill voices, at length awakened him: when,
 opening his eyes, he saw the Shield in the hands
 of the House-maid. “ O Weman ! Woman !”
 he cried, (and snatched it violently from her)

" was it to thy ignorance that this Relick owes its
 " ruin? Where, where is the beautiful crust that
 " covered thee so long? where those Traces of
 " Time, and Fingers as it were of Antiquity?
 " Where all those beautiful obscurities, the cause
 " of much delightful disputation, where doubt
 " and curiosity went hand in hand, and eternally
 " exercised the speculations of the Learned? And
 " this the rede Touch of an ignorant Woman hath
 " done away! The *ciricus* *Prominence* at the belly
 " of that figure, which some, taking for the *Cuspis*
 " of a sword, denominated a *Roman Soldier*;
 " others, accounting the *Insignia Virilia*, pro-
 " nounce to be one of the *Dii Termini*; behold
 " she hath cleaned it in like shameful sort, and
 " shewn to be the head of a Nail. O my Shield!
 " my Shield! well may I say with *Horace*, *Non*
 " *bene relicta Parmula.*"

The Gossips, not at all inquiring into the cause
 of his sorrow, only asked if the Child had no hurt?
 and cried, " Come, come, all is well; what has
 " the Woman done but her duty? a tight cleanly
 " wench, I warrant her: what a stir a man makes
 " about a *Bason*, that an hour ago, before her
 " labour was bestowed upon it, a Country Barber
 " would not have hung at his shop-door." " A
 " *Bason!* (cried another) no such matter; 'tis no-
 " thing but a poultry old *Sconce*, with the nozzle
 " broke off." The learned Gentlemen, who till
 now had stood speechless, hereupon looking nar-
 rowly

rowly on the Shield, declared their assent to this latter opinion, and desired *Cornelius* to be comforted ; assuring him it was a *Sconce*, and no other. But this, instead of comforting, threw the Doctor into such a violent fit of Passion, that he was carried off groaning and speechless to bed ; where, being quite spent, he fell into a kind of slumber.

IBID. p. 78.

THE NUTRITION OF SCRIBLERUS.

CORNELIUS now began to regulate the Suction of his Child ; seldom did there pass a day without disputes between him and the Mother, or the Nurse, concerning the nature of aliment. The poor woman never dined but he denied her some dish or other, which he judged prejudicial to her milk. One day she had a longing desire to a piece of beef ; and as she stretched her hand towards it, the old gentleman drew it away, and spoke to this effect : “ Hadst thou read the Ancients, O Nurse, thou would’st prefer the welfare of the Infant which thou nourishest, to the indulging of an irregular and voracious appetite. Beef, it is true, may confer a Robustness on the limbs of my Son, but will hebetate and clog his intellects.” While he spoke this, the Nurse looked upon him with much anger, and now and then cast a wishful eye upon the beef.—“ Passion (continued the Doctor, still holding the dish) throws the mind into too violent a fermentation :

" it is a kind of fever of the soul, or, as *Horace*
 " expresses it, *a short Madness*. Consider, Woman,
 " that this day's Suction of my Son may cause him
 " to imbibe many ungovernable Passions, and in a
 " manner spoil him for the temper of a Philosopher.
 " *Romulus*, by sucking a Wolf, became of a fierce
 " and savage disposition: and were I to breed some
 " *Ottoman* Emperor, or Founder of a Military
 " Commonwealth, perhaps I might indulge thee
 " in this carnivorous Appetite."—What, inter-
 rupted the Nurse, Beef spoil the understanding?
 that's fine indeed—how then could our Parson
 preach as he does upon Beef, and Pudding too,
 if you go to that? Don't tell me of your An-
 cients, had not you almost killed the poor babe with
 a Dish of Dæmonial black Broth?—"Lacedæmo-
 " nian black Broth, thou would'st say (replied
 " *Cornelius*); but I cannot allow the surfeit to
 " have been occasioned by that diet, since it was
 " recommended by the Divine *Lycurgus*. No,
 " Nurse, thou must certainly have eaten some
 " meats of ill digestion the day before; and that
 " was the real cause of his disorder. Consider,
 " Woman, the different Temperaments of diffe-
 " rent Nations: What makes the *English* phleg-
 " matick and melancholy, but Beef? What ren-
 " ders the *Welsh* so hot and choleric, but Cheese
 " and Leeks? The *French* derive their levity from
 " their Soups, Frogs, and Mushrooms. I would
 " not let my Son dine like an *Italian*; least, like an
 " *Italian*,

“ *Italian*, he should be jealous and revengeful.
“ The warm and solid diet of *Spain* may be more
“ beneficial, as it might endow him with a pro-
“ found Gravity; but, at the same time, he might
“ suck in with their food their intolerable Vice of
“ Pride. Therefore, Nurse, in short, I hold it
“ requisite to deny you, at present, not only beef,
“ but likewise whatsoever any of those Nations
“ eat.” During this speech, the Nurse remained
pouting and marking her plate with the knife, nor
would she touch a bit during the whole dinner.
This the old Gentleman observing, ordered that
the Child, to avoid the risque of imbibing ill hu-
mours, should be kept from her breast all that day,
and be fed with butter mixed with honey, accord-
ing to a prescription he had met with somewhere
in *Eustathius upon Homer*. This indeed gave the
Child a great looseness, but he was not concerned
at it, in the opinion that whatever harm it might
do his body, would be amply recompensed by the
improvements of his understanding. But from
thenceforth he insisted every day upon a particular
Diet to be observed by the Nurse; under which,
having been long uneasy, she at last parted from
the family, on his ordering her for dinner the *Paps*
of a *Sow* with Pig; taking it as the highest indig-
nity, and a direct insult upon her Sex and Call-
ing.

PLAY-THINGS.

HERE follow the Instructions of *Cornelius Scriblerus* concerning the Plays and Play-things to be used by his son *Martin*.

“ *Play* was invented by the *Lydians*, as a remedy
 “ against *Hunger*. *Sophocles* says of *Palamedes*,
 “ that he invented *Dice* to serve sometimes instead
 “ of a *Dinner*. It is therefore wisely contrived
 “ by *Nature*, that *Children*, as they have the
 “ keenest *Appetites*, are most addicted to *Plays*.
 “ From the same cause, and from the unpreju-
 “ dicied and incorrupt simplicity of their minds, it
 “ proceeds, that the *Plays* of the Ancient Chil-
 “ dren are preserved more entire than any other of
 “ their *Customs*. In this matter I would recom-
 “ mend to all who have any concern in my Son’s
 “ Education, that they deviate not in the least
 “ from the primitive and simple *Antiquity*.

“ To speak first of the *Whistle*, as it is the first
 “ of all Play-things. I will have it exactly to corre-
 “ spond with the ancient *Fistula*; and accordingly
 “ to be composed *septem paribus disiuncta cicutis*.

“ I heartily wish a diligent search may be made
 “ after the true *Crepitaculum* or *Rattle* of the An-
 “ cients, for that (as *Architas Tarentinus* was of-
 “ opinion) kept the Children from breaking
 “ Earthen-Ware. The *China* cups in these days
 “ are not at all the safer for the modern *Rattles*;
 “ which

“ which is an evident proof how far their *Crepitacula* exceeded ours.

“ I would not have *Martin* as yet to scourge a
“ *Top*, till I am better informed whether the *Tro-clus*,
“ which was recommended by *Cato*, be re-
“ ally our present *Tops*, or rather the *Hoop* which
“ the boys drive with a stick. Neither *Crogs* and
“ *Pile*, nor *Ducks* and *Drakes*, are quite so ancient
“ as *Handy-dandy*, though *Macrobius* and *St.*
“ *Augustine* take notice of the first, and *Minutius*
“ *Felix* describes the latter; but *Handy-dandy* is
“ mentioned by *Aristotle*, *Plato*, and *Aristophanes*.

“ The Play which the *Italians* call *Cinque*, and
“ the *French* *Mourre*, is extremely ancient; it was
“ played at by *Hymen* and *Cupid* at the Marriage
“ of *Psyche*, and termed by the *Latins*, *Digitis*
“ *micare*.

“ *Julius Pollux* describes the *Omilla* or *Chuck-farthing*: though some will have our modern
“ *Chuck-farthing* to be nearer the *Aphetinda* of the
“ Ancients. He also mentions the *Basilinda*, or
“ *King I am*; and *Mynda*, or *Hoopers-hide*.

“ But the *Chytrindra*, described by the same Au-
“ thor, is certainly not our *Hot-cockles*; for that was
“ by pinching, and not by striking; though there
“ are good authors who affirm the *Rathapigismus* to
“ be yet nearer the modern *Hot-cockles*. My Son
“ *Martin*

“ *Martin* may use either of them indifferently,
“ they being equally antique.

“ *Building of Houses*, and *Riding upon Sticks*,
“ have been used by children of all ages, *Ædifi-
care casas, equitare in aruudine longa*. Yet I
“ much doubt whether the riding upon Sticks did
“ not come into use after the age of the *Centaurs*.

“ There is one Play which shews the gravity of
“ ancient Education, called the *Acinctinda*, in
“ which children contended who could longest
“ stand still. This we have suffered to perish en-
“ tirely; and, if I might be allowed to guess, it
“ was certainly first lost among the *French*.

“ I will permit my Son to play at *Apodidascinda*,
“ which can be no other than our *Puss in a Corner*.

“ *Julius Pollux*, in his ninth book, speaks of
“ the *Melolontha* or the *Kite*; but I question whe-
“ ther the Kite of Antiquity was the same with
“ ours: and though the *Opresoxonia* or *Quail-fighting*,
“ is what is most taken notice of, they had doubt-
“ less *Cock-matches* also, as is evident from certain
“ ancient Gems and Relievos.

“ In a word, let my Son *Martin* disport himself
“ at any Game truly antique, except one, which
“ was invented by a People among the *Thracians*,
“ who hung up one of their Companions in a rope,
“ and gave him a Knife to cut himself down;
“ which

“ which if he failed in, he was suffered to hang
 “ till he was dead ; and this was only reckoned a
 “ sort of joke. I am utterly against this, as bar-
 “ barous and cruel.

“ I cannot conclude, without taking notice of
 “ the beauty of the *Greek* names, whose etymolo-
 “ gies acquaint us with the nature of the sports ;
 “ and how infinitely, both in sense and sound,
 “ they excel our barbarous names of Plays.”

Notwithstanding the foregoing injunctions of Dr. *Cornelius*, he yet condescended to allow the Child the use of some few modern Play-things ; such as might prove of any benefit to his mind, by instilling an early notion of the sciences. For example, he found that *Marbles* taught him *Percussion*, and the *Laws of Motion* ; *Nut-crackers*, the use of the *Lever* ; *Swinging* on the ends of a board, the *Balance* ; *Bottle screws*, the *Vice* ; *Whirligigs*, the *Axis* and *Peritrochia* ; *Bird-cages*, the *Pully* ; and *Tops*, the *Centrifugal motion*.

Others of his sports were farther carried to improve his tender soul even in Virtue and Morality. We shall only instance one of the most useful and instructive, *Bob-cherry*, which teaches at once two noble Virtues, Patience and Constancy ; the first in adhering to the pursuit of one end, the latter in bearing a disappointment.

Besides

Besides all these, he taught him, as a diversion, an odd and secret manner of *Stealing*, according to the Custom of the *Lacedæmonians*; wherein he succeeded so well, that he practised it to the day of his death.

IBID. p. 87.

MUSIC.

THE bare mention of *Music* threw *Cornelius* into a passion. “ How can you dignify (quoth he) “ this modern fidling with the name of *Music*? “ Will any of your best *Hautboys* encounter a “ Wolf now-a-days with no other arms but their “ instruments, as did that ancient piper *Pithocaris*? “ Have ever wild Boars, Elephants, Deer, Dol- “ phins, Whales, or *Turbots*, shew’d the least “ emotion at the most elaborate strains of your “ modern *Scrapers*, all which have been, as it “ were, tamed and humanised by ancient *Musi- “ cians*? Does not *Aelian* tell us how the *Libyan* “ Mares were excited to horsing by *Music*? “ (which ought in truth to be a caution to modest “ Women against frequenting *Operas*; and con- “ sider, Brother, you are brought to this dilemma, “ either to give up the virtue of the *Ladies*, or the “ power of your *Music*.) Whence proceeds the “ degeneracy of our *Morals*? Is it not from the “ loss of an ancient *Music*, by which (says “ *Aristotle*) they taught all the *Virtues*? else might “ we turn *Newgate* into a *College* of *Dorian Mu- “ sicians*, who should teach moral *Virtues* to those “ people. Whence comes it that our present dis- “ eases

“ eases are so stubborn? whence it is that I daily
“ deplore my sciatical pains? Alas! because we
“ have lost their true cure, by the melody of the
“ Pipe. All this was well-known to the Anci-
“ ents, as *Theophrastus* assures us (whence *Cælius*
“ calls it *loca dolentia decantare*), only indeed some
“ small remains of this skill are preserved in the
“ cure of the Tarantula. Did not *Pythagoras*
“ stop a company of drunken Bullies from storm-
“ ing a civil house, by changing the strain of the
“ Pipe to the sober *Spondæus*? and yet your mo-
“ dern Musicians want art to defend their win-
“ dows from common Nickers. It is well known,
“ that when the *Lacedæmonian* Mob were up, they
“ commonly sent for a *Lesbian* Musician to appease
“ them, and they immediately grew calm as soon
“ as they heard *Terpander* sing: Yet I don’t be-
“ lieve that the Pope’s whole band of Music,
“ though the best of this age, could keep his Ho-
“ lines’s Image from being burnt on a Fifth of
“ November.” “ Nor would *Terpander* himself (re-
“ plied *Albertus*) at *Billingsgate*, nor *Timotheus* at
“ *Hockley in the Hole*, have any manner of effect;
“ nor both of them together bring *Horneck* to
“ common civility.” “ That’s a gross mistake”
(said *Cornelius* very warmly); “ and, to prove it so,
“ I have here a small Lyra of my own, framed,
“ strung, and tuned, after the ancient manner. I
“ can play some fragments of *Lesbian* tunes, and
“ I wish I were to try them upon the most passi-
“ onate creatures alive.” — “ You never had a

“ better opportunity (says *All'ertus*), for yonder are
“ two apple-women scolding, and just ready to
“ uncoif one another.” With that *Cornelius*, un-
dressed as he was, jumps out into his Balcony,
his Lyra in hand, in his slippers, with his breeches
hanging down to his ankles, a stocking upon his
head, and waistcoat of murrey-coloured fattin upon
his body: He touched his Lyra with a very un-
usual sort of an *Harpegiatura*, nor were his hopes
frustrated. The odd Equipage, the uncouth In-
strument, the strangeness of the Man, and of the
Music, drew the ears and eyes of the whole mob
that were got about the two female Champions,
and at last of the Combatants themselves. They
all approached the Balcony, in as close attention
as *Orpheus*'s first Audience of Cattle, or that of
an *Italian Opera*, when some favourite Air is just
awakened. This sudden effect of his Music en-
couraged him mightily, and it was observed he
never touched his Lyre in such a truly chromatic
and enharmonic manner, as upon that occasion.
The mob laughed, sung, jumped, danced, and used
many odd gestures; all which he judged to be
caused by the various strains and modulations.
“ Mark (quoth he) in this, the power of the *Ionian*;
“ in that, you see the effect of the *Aeolian*.” But
in a little time they began to grow riotous, and
threw stones: *Cornelius* then withdrew, but with the
greatest air of triumph in the world. “ Brother
“ (said he) do you observe I have mixed, unawares,
“ too

“ too much of the *Pbrygian*; I might change it
 “ to the *Lydian*, and soften their riotous tempers:
 “ But it is enough: learn from this sample to
 “ speak with veneration of ancient Music. If this
 “ lyre in my unskilful hands can perform such
 “ wonders, what must it not have done in those
 “ of a *Timotheus* or a *Terpander*? ” Having said
 this, he retired with the utmost Exultation in
 himself, and Contempt of his Brother; and, it is
 said, behaved that night with such unusual haugh-
 tiness to his family, that they all had reason to
 wish for some ancient *Tibicen* to calm his Temper.

IBID. p. 97.



L O G I C.

MARTIN’s understanding was so totally im-
 mersed in *sensible objects*, that he demanded ex-
 amples, from Material things, of the abstracted
 Ideas of Logic: as for *Crambe*, he contented him-
 self with the Words; and, when he could but form
 some conceit upon them, was fully satisfied. Thus
Crambe would tell his Instructor, that All men
 were not *singular*; that Individuality could hardly
 be predicated of any man, for it was commonly
 said, that a man *is* not the same he *was*; that
 madmen are *beside themselves*, and drunken men
come to themselves; which shews, that few men
 have that most valuable logical endowment, Indi-
 viduality. *Cornelius* told *Martin* that a shoulder
 of mutton was an individual, which *Crambe* de-
 nied, for he had seen it cut into commons. That’s .

true (quoth the Tutor), but you never saw it cut into shoulders of mutton: If it could (quoth *Crambe*) it would be the most lovely individual of the University. When he was told, a *substance* was that which was *subject to accidents*; then Soldiers (quoth *Crambe*) are the most substantial people in the world. Neither would he allow it to be a good definition of *accident*, that it could be *present or absent without the destruction of the subject*; since there are a great many accidents that destroy the subject, as burning does a house, and death a man. But, as to that, *Cornelius* informed him, that there was a *natural death*, and a *logical death*; that though a man, after his natural death, was not capable of the least parish-office, yet he might still keep his Stall amongst the logical *predicaments*.

Cornelius was forced to give *Martin* sensible images. Thus, calling up the Coachman, he asked him what he had seen in the Bear-garden? The man answered, he saw two men fight a prize: one was a fair man, a Serjeant in the Guards; the other black, a Butcher: the Serjeant had red Breeches, the Butcher blue: they fought upon a stage about four o'clock, and the Serjeant wounded the Butcher in the Leg. “ Mark (quoth *Cornelius*) how “ the fellow runs through the *predicaments*. Men, “ *substantia*; two, *quantitas*; fair and black, *qua-*
“ *litas*; Serjeant and Butcher, *relatio*; wounded
“ the

“ the other, *actio et passio*; fighting, *situs*; stage, “ *ubi*; two o’clock, *quando*; blue and red Breeches, “ *habitus*.” At the same time he warned *Martin*, that what he now *learned* as a Logician, he must *forget* as a natural Philosopher; that though he now taught them that accidents inhered in the subject, they would find in time there was no such thing; and that colour, taste, smell, heat, and cold, were not in the things, but only phantasms of our brains. He was forced to let them into this secret, for *Martin* could not conceive how a habit of dancing inhered in a dancing-master, when he did not dance; nay, he would demand the Characteristics of Relations. *Crambe* used to help him out, by telling him, a Cuckold, a losing gamester, a man that had not dined, a young heir that was kept short by his father, might be all known by their countenance; that, in this last case, the Paternity and Filiation leave very sensible impressions in the *relatum* and *correlatum*. The greatest difficulty was when they came to the Tenth *predicament*: *Crambe* affirmed that his *habitus* was more a substance than he was; for his clothes could better subsist without him, than he without his clothes.

IBID. P. 99.

THE SEAT OF THE SOUL.

IN this Design of *Martin* to investigate the Diseases of the Mind, he thought nothing so necessary as an Enquiry after the *Seat* of the *Soul*; in which, at first, he laboured under great uncertainties.

Sometimes he was of opinion that it lodged in the Brain, sometimes in the Stomach, and sometimes in the Heart. Afterwards he thought it absurd to confine that sovereign Lady to one apartment; which made him infer, that she shifted it according to the several functions of life: The Brain was her Study, the Heart her State-room, and the Stomach her Kitchen. But, as he saw several Offices of life went on at the same time, he was forced to give up this Hypothesis also. He now conjectured it was more for the dignity of the Soul to perform several Operations by her little Ministers, the *Animal Spirits*; from whence it was natural to conclude, that she resides in different parts, according to different Inclinations, Sexes, Ages, and Professions. Thus, in Epicures he seated her in the mouth of the Stomach; Philosophers have her in the Brain, Soldiers in their Heart, Women in their Tongues, Fidlers in their Fingers, and Rope-dancers in their Toes. At length he grew fond of the *Glandula Pinealis*, dissecting many Subjects to find out the different Figure of this Gland, from whence he might discover the cause of the different Tempers in mankind. He supposed that in factious and restless-spirited people, he should find it sharp and pointed, allowing no room for the soul to repose herself; that in quiet Tempers it was flat, smooth, and soft, affording to the Soul, as it were, an easy cushion. He was confirmed in this by observing, that Calves and Philosophers, Tygers and Statesmen,

men, Foxes and Sharpers, Peacocks and Fops, Cock-sparrows and Coquettes, Monkeys and Players, Courtiers and Spaniels, Moles and Misers, exactly resemble one another in the conformation of the *Pineal Gland*. He did not doubt likewise to find the same resemblance in Highwaymen and Conquerors: In order to satisfy himself in which, it was, that he purchased the body of one of the first Species (as hath been before related) at *Tyburn*, hoping in time to have the happiness of one of the latter too under his Anatomical knife.

IBID. p. 121.

THE SOUL A QUALITY.

THIS is easily answered by a familiar instance. In every *Jack* there is a *meat-roasting* Quality, which neither resides in the fly, nor in the weight, nor in any particular wheel in the *Jack*, but is the result of the whole composition: So, in an Animal, the self-consciousness is not a real Quality inherent in one being (any more than meat-roasting in a *Jack*) but the result of several Modes or Qualities in the same subject. As the fly, the wheels, the chain, the weight, the cords, &c. make one *Jack*, so the several parts of the body make one Animal. As perception or consciousness is said to be inherent in this Animal, so is meat-roasting said to be inherent in the *Jack*. As sensation, reasoning, volition, memory, &c. are the several Modes of thinking; so roasting of beef, roasting of mutton,

mutton, roasting of pullets, geese, turkeys, &c. are the several modes of meat-roasting. And as the general Quality of meat-roasting, with its several modifications, as to beef, mutton, pullets, &c. does not inhere in any one part of the Jack ; so neither does Consciousness, with its several Modes of sensation, intellection, volition, &c. inhere in any one, but is the result from the mechanical composition of the whole Animal.

IBID. p. 123.

DIVERSITY OF GENIUSES.

I SHALL range these confined and less copious Geniuses under proper classes, and (the better to give their pictures to the reader) under the names of *Animals* of some sort or other ; whereby he will be enabled, at the first sight of such as shall daily come forth, to know to what kind to refer, and with what authors to compare them.

1. The *Flying Fishes* : These are writers who now and then rise upon their fins, and fly out of the Profund ; but their wings are soon dry, and they drop down to the bottom. G. S. A. H. C. G.

2. The *Swallows* are authors that are eternally skimming and fluttering up and down ; but all their agility is employed to *catch flies*. L. T. W. P. Lord H.

3. The

3. The *Ostriches* are such, whose heaviness rarely permits them to raise themselves from the ground ; their wings are of no use to lift them up, and their motion is between flying and walking ; but then they *run very fast*. *D. F. L. E.* The Hon. *E. H.*

4. The *Parrots* are they that repeat *another's* words, in such a hoarse odd voice, as makes them seem their *own*. *W. B. W. H. C. C.* The Reverend *D. D.*

5. The *Didappers* are authors that keep themselves long out of sight, under water, and come up now and then where you least expected them. *L. W. G. D.* Esq. The Hon. Sir *W. Y.*

6. The *Porpoises* are unwieldy and big ; they put all their numbers into a great turmoil and tempest ; but whenever they appear in plain light (which is seldom) they are only shapeless and ugly monsters. *I. D. C. G. I. O.*

7. The *Frogs* are such as can neither walk nor fly, but can *leap* and *bound* to admiration : They live generally in the bottom of a ditch, and make a great noise whenever they thrust their heads above water. *E. W. L. M. Esq. T. D. Gent.*

8. The *Eels* are obscure authors, that wrap themselves up in their own mud, but are mighty nimble

nimble and pert. *L. W.* *L. T.* *P. M.* General *C.*

9. The *Tortoises* are slow and chill, and, like pastoral writers, delight much in gardens: they have for the most part a fine embroidered shell, and underneath it, a heavy lump. *A. P.* *W. B.* *L. E.* The Right Hon. *E. of S.*

These are the chief *Characteristics* of the *Bathos*: and in each of these kinds we have the comfort to be blessed with sundry and manifold choice Spirits in this our island.

THE ART OF SINKING IN POETRY,
v. 4. p. 150.

THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE BATHOS.

THUS have I (my dear Countrymen), with incredible pains and diligence, discovered the hidden sources of the *Bathos*, or, as I may say, broke open the Abysses of this *Great Deep*. And having now established good and wholesome Laws, what remains but that all true moderns, with their utmost might, do proceed to put the same in execution? In order whereto, I think I shall, in the second place, highly deserve of my Country, by proposing such a *Scheme*, as may facilitate this great end.

As our number is confessedly far superior to that of the enemy, there seems nothing wanting but Unanimity among ourselves. It is therefore humbly offered, that all and every individual of the *Bathos* do enter into a firm association, and incorporate into One regular Body; whereof every member, even the meanest, will some-way contribute to the support of the whole; in like manner as the weakest reeds, when joined in one bundle, become infrangible. To which end our Art ought to be put upon the same foot with other Arts of this Age. The vast improvement of modern manufactures ariseth from their being divided into several branches, and parcelled out to several trades: For instance, in Clock-making, one artist makes the balance, another the spring, another the crown-wheels, a fourth the case, and the principal workman puts all together: To this œconomy we owe the perfection of our modern watches; and doubtless we also might that of our modern Poetry and Rhetorick, were the several parts branched out in the like manner.

Nothing is more evident than that divers persons, no other way remarkable, have each a strong disposition to the formation of some particular Trope or Figure. Aristotle saith, that the *Hyperbole* is an ornament fit for young Men of Quality; accordingly we find in those Gentlemen a wonderful propensity towards it, which is marvellously improved by Travelling: Soldiers also and Seamen are very happy in the same Figure. The *Periphrasis*

or

or *Circumlocution* is the peculiar talent of Country Farmers; the *Proverb* and *Apologue* of old men at clubs; the *Ellipsis*, or Speech by half words, of Ministers and Politicians; the *Apostrophe*, of Courtiers; the *Litotes*, and Diminution, of Ladies, Whisperers, and Backbiters; and the *Anadiplosis*, of common Criers and Hawkers; who, by redoubling the same words, persuade people to buy their oysters, green hastings, or new ballads. *Epithets* may be found in great plenty at *Billingsgate*, *Sarcasm* and *Irony* learned upon the Water, and the *Epiphonema* or *Exclamation* frequently from the *Bear-garden*, and as frequently from the *Hear him* of the House of Commons.

Now each man applying his whole time and genius upon his particular Figure, would doubtless attain to perfection: and when each became incorporated and sworn into the Society (as hath been proposed) a Poet or Orator would have no more to do but to send to the particular Traders in each Kind; to the *Metaphorist* for his *Allegories*, to the *Simile-maker* for his *Comparisons*, to the *Ironist* for his *Sarcasms*, to the *Apophthegmatist* for his Sentences, &c; whereby a Dedication or Speech would be composed in a moment, the superior artist having nothing to do but to put together all the Materials.

I therefore propose that there be contrived, with all convenient dispatch, at the public expence, a *Rhetorical Chest of Drawers*, consisting of three Stories; the highest for the *Deliberative*, the middle for the

Demon-

Demonstrative, and the lowest for the *Judicial*. These shall be subdivided into *Loci* or *Places*, being repositories for Matter and Argument in the several kinds of oration or writing ; and every drawer shall again be subdivided into Cells, resembling those of Cabinets for Rarities. The apartment for *Peace* or *War*, and that of the *Liberty of the Press*, may in a very few days be filled with several arguments perfectly new ; and the *Vituperative Partition* will as easily be replenished with a most choice collection, entirely of the growth and manufacture of the present age. Every composer will soon be taught the use of this Cabinet, and how to manage all the Registers of it, which will be drawn out much in the manner of those in an Organ.

The Keys of it must be kept in honest hands, by some *Reverend Prelate*, or *Valiant Officer*, of unquestionable Loyalty and Affection to every present Establishment in Church and State ; which will sufficiently guard against any mischief which might otherwise be apprehended from it.

And being lodged in such hands, it may be at discretion *let out* by the *Day*, to several great Orators in both Houses ; from whence it is to be hoped much *Profit* and *Gain* will accrue to our Society.

IBID. p. 182.

DEDICATIONS AND PANEGYRICS.

NOW of what necessity the foregoing Project may prove, will appear from this single considera-

tion, that nothing is of equal consequence to the success of our Works as *Speed* and *Dispatch*. Great pity it is, that solid brains are not, like other solid bodies, constantly endowed with a velocity in sinking proportionable to their heaviness: For it is with the flowers of the *Bathos* as with those of Nature, which, if the careful gardener brings not hastily to market in the Morning, must unprofitably perish and wither before Night. And of all our Productions none is so short-lived as the *Dedication* and *Panegyric*, which are often but the *Praise of a Day*, and become by the next utterly useless, improper, indecent, and false. This is the more to be lamented, inasmuch as these two are the sorts whereon in a manner depends that *Profit*, which must still be remembered to be the main end of our *Writers* and *Speakers*.

We shall therefore employ this chapter in shewing the quickest method of composing them: after which we will teach a *short way to Epic Poetry*. And these being confessedly the works of most Importance and Difficulty, it is presumed we may leave the rest to each author's own learning or practice.

First of *Panegyric*. Every man is honourable, who is so by Law, Custom, or Title. The *Public* are better judges of what is honourable than private *Men*. The *Virtues* of great *Men*, like those of *Plants*, are inherent in them, whether they are exerted or not; and the more strongly inherent, the less

less they are exerted ; as a man is the more rich, the less he spends. All great Ministers, without either private or economical Virtue, are *virtuous* by their *Posts*, liberal and generous upon the *Public Money*, provident upon *Public Supplies*, just by paying *Public Interest*, courageous and magnanimous by the *Fleets* and *Armies*, magnificent upon the *Public Expences*, and prudent by *Public Success*. They have by their Office a right to a share of the *Public Stock* of Virtues ; besides, they are by *Prescription immemorial* invested in all the celebrated virtues of their *Predecessors* in the same stations, especially those of their own Ancestors.

As to what are commonly called the *Colours of Honourable* and *Dishonourable*, they are various in different Countries : In this, they are *Blue, Green, and Red*.

But, forasmuch as the duty we owe to the Public doth often require that we should put some things in a strong light, and throw a shade over others, I shall explain the method of turning a vicious Man into a Hero.

The first and chief rule is the *Golden Rule of Transformation* ; which consists in converting Vices into their bordering Virtues. A Man who is a Spendthrift, and will not pay a just Debt, may have his Injustice transformed into Liberality ; Cowardice may be metamorphosed into Prudence ; In-

temperance into Good-nature and Good-fellowship; Corruption into Patriotism; and Lewdness into Tenderness and Facility.

The second is the *Rule of Contraries*: It is certain, the less a man is endued with any Virtue, the more need he has to have it plentifully bestowed, especially those good qualities of which the world generally believes he has none at all: For who will thank a Man for giving him that which he *has*?

The Reverse of these Precepts will serve for *Satire*; wherein we are ever to remark, that whoso loseth his place, or becomes out of favour with the Government, hath forfeited his share in *public Praise and Honour*. Therefore the truly public-spirited writer ought in duty to strip him whom the Government hath stripped; which is the real *poetical Justice* of this age. For a full collection of Topics and Epithets to be used in the Praise and Dispraise of Ministerial and Unministerial Persons, I refer to our *Rhetorical Cabinet*; concluding with an earnest exhortation to all my brethren, to observe the Precepts here laid down; the neglect of which has cost some of them their *Ears* in a *Pillory*.

IBID. p. 184.

A RECEIPT TO MAKE AN EPIC POEM.

AN Epic Poem, the Critics agree, is the greatest work human nature is capable of. They have already laid down many mechanical rules for compositions of this sort, but at the same time they

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cut off almost all undertakers from the possibility of ever performing them ; for the first qualification they unanimously require in a Poet, is a *Genius*. I shall here endeavour (for the benefit of my countrymen) to make it manifest, that Epic Poems may be made *without a Genius*, nay without Learning or much Reading. This must necessarily be of great use to all those who confess they never *Read*, and of whom the world is convinced they never *Learn*. *Moliere* observes of making a dinner, that any Man can do it with *Money* ; and if a professed Cook cannot do without it, he has his *Art* for nothing : the same may be said of making a Poem ; it is easily brought about by him that has a *Genius*, but the skill lies in doing it without one. In pursuance of this end, I shall present the reader with a plain and sure *Recipe*, by which any author in the *Bathos* may be qualified for this grand performance.

IBID. p. 185.

TO MAKE AN EPIC POEM.

FOR THE FABLE.

TAKE out of any old Poem, History-book, Romance, or Legend (for instance, *Geoffry of Monmouth*, or *Don Belianis of Greece*), those parts of story which afford most scope for *long Descriptions* : Put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into *one Tale*. Then take a Hero, whom you may chuse for the sound of his name, and put him in the midst of these adventures :

X 3

There

There let him work for twelve books: at the end of which you may take him out, ready prepared to conquer or to marry; it being necessary that the conclusion of an Epic Poem be fortunate.

TO MAKE AN EPISODE.

Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your Hero; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of use, applied to any other person, who may be lost and evaporate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.

FOR THE MORAL AND ALLEGORY.

These you may extract out of the Fable afterwards, at your leisure: Be sure you strain them sufficiently.

FOR THE MANNERS.

For those of the Hero, take all the best qualities you can find in the most celebrated Heroes of antiquity: if they will not be reduced to a *Confistency*, lay them *all on a heap* upon him. But be sure they are qualities which your *Patron* would be thought to have; and to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a Dedication or Poem. However, do not observe the exact quantity of these Virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be necessary for the Hero of a Poem to be an *honest Man*. For the *Under-Characters*, gather them from *Homer* and *Virgil*, and change the names as occasion serves.

FOR

FOR THE MACHINES.

Take of *Deities*, male and female, as many as you can use: Separate them into two equal parts, and keep *Jupiter* in the middle: Let *Juno* put him in a ferment, and *Venus* mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile *Mercury*. If you have need of *Devils*, draw them out of *Milton's Paradise*, and extract your *Spirits* from *Tasso*. The use of these Machines is evident: since no Epic Poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities: When you cannot extricate your Hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wit, seek relief from Heaven, and the Gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct Prescription of *Horace*, in his *Art of Poetry*:

*Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice Nodus
Ircciderit.—*

That is to say, *A Poet should never call upon the Gods for their Assistance, but when he is in great perplexity.*

FOR THE DESCRIPTIONS.

For a *Tempest*. Take *Eurus*, *Zephyr*, *Auster*, and *Boreas*, and cast them together in one verse: add to these of Rain, Lightening and Thunder (the loudest you can) *quantum sufficit*; mix your Clouds and Billows well together till they foam, and thicken your Description here and there with a Quicksand. Brew your *Tempest* well in your head, before you set it a-blowing.

For

For a *Battle*. Pick a large quantity of Images and Descriptions from *Homer's Iliad*, with a spice or two of *Virgil*; and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a *Skirmish*. Season it well with *Similes*, and it will make an excellent *Battle*.

For a *Burning Town*. If such a description be necessary (because it is certain there is one in *Virgil*), old *Troy* is ready burnt to your hands: But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a Chapter or two of the Theory of the *Conflagration*, well circumstanced and done into verse, will be a good *Succedaneum*.

As for *Similes* and *Metaphors*, they may be found all over the Creation; the most ignorant may gather them: but the difficulty is in *applying* them. For this advise with your *Bookseller*.

IBID. p. 188.

THE DUTY OF A CLERK.

NO sooner was I elected into my office, but I laid aside the powdered gallantries of my youth, and became a new man. I considered myself as in some wise of ecclesiastical dignity; since by wearing a band, which is no small part of the ornament of our Clergy, I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, a shred of the linen vestment of *Aaron*.

Thou

Thou may'st conceive, O Reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me, when I first took my place at the feet of the Priest. When I raised the psalm, how did my voice quaver for fear! and when I arrayed the shoulders of the Minister with the surplice, how did my joints tremble under me! I said within myself, “Remember, *Paul*, thou standest before men of high worship; the wise Mr. Justice *Freeman*, the grave Mr. Justice *Tonson*, the good Lady *Jones*, and the two virtuous gentlewomen her daughters; nay, the great Sir *Thomas Truby*, Knight and Baronet, and my young master the Esquire, who shall one day be Lord of this Manor.” Notwithstanding which, it was my good hap to acquit myself to the good liking of the whole congregation; but the Lord forbid I should glory therein.

The next chapter contains an account how he discharged the several duties of his office: in particular he insists on the following.

I was determined to reform the manifold Corruptions and Abuses which had crept into the Church.

First, I was especially severe in whipping forth dogs from the Temple, all excepting the lap-dog of the good widow *Howard*, a sober dog which yelped not, nor was there offence in his mouth.

Secondly,

Secondly, I did even proceed to moroseness, though sore against my heart, unto poor babes, in tearing from them the half-eaten apples which they privily munched at Church. But verily it pitied me; for I remember the days of my youth.

Thirdly, With the sweat of my own hands, I did make plain and smooth the dogs-ears throughout our great Bible.

Fourthly, The pews and benches, which were formerly swept but once in three years, I caused every Saturday to be swept with a besom, and trimmed.

Fifthly, and lastly, I caused the surplice to be neatly darned, washed, and laid in fresh lavender (yea, and sometimes to be sprinkled with rose-water); and I had great laud and praise from all the neighbouring Clergy, forasmuch as no parish kept the Minister in cleaner linen.

Notwithstanding these his public cares, in the eleventh chapter he informs us he did not neglect his usual occupations as a bawdy-craftsman.

Shoes, saith he, did I make (and, if intreated, mend) with good approbation. Faces also did I shave; and I clipped the hair. Chirurgery also I practised in the worming of dogs; but to bleed adven-tured

tured I not, except the poor. Upon this my two-fold profession, there passed among men a merry tale, delectable enough to be rehearsed: How that, being overtaken with liquor one *Saturday* evening, I shaved the Priest with *Spaniſh* blacking for shoes instead of a wash-ball, and with lamp-black powdered his perriwig. But these were sayings of men delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth: For it is well known, that great was my care and skill in these my crafts; yea, I once had the honour of trimming Sir *Thomas* himself, without fetching blood. Furthermore, I was sought unto to geld the Lady *Frances* her spaniel, which was wont to go astray: He was called *Toby*, that is to say, *Tobias*. And, thirdly, I was intrusted with a gorgeous pair of shoes of the said Lady, to set an heel-piece thereon; and I received such praise therefore, that it was said all over the parish, I should be recommended unto the King to mend shoes for his Majesty: whom God preserve! Amen.

MEMOIRS OF A P. CLERK. V. 4. p. 213.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

MONTAIGNE thinks it some reflection upon human nature itself, that few people take delight in seeing beasts careſs or play together, but almost every one is pleased to see them lacerate and worry one another. I am sorry this temper is become almost a distinguishing character of our own nation, from the observation which is made by foreigners of our

our beloved pastimes, Bear-baiting, Cock-fighting, and the like. We should find it hard to vindicate the destroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonness: yet in this principle our children are bred up; and one of the first pleasures we allow them, is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals: almost as soon as we are sensible what life is ourselves, we make it our sport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good use might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and insects. Mr. *Locke* takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or punished them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exercise of humanity, and improving their very diversion to a virtue.

I fancy, too, some advantage might be taken of the common notion, that 'tis ominous or unlucky to destroy some sorts of birds, as Swallows and Martins. This opinion might possibly arise from the confidence these birds seem to put in us by building under our roofs; so that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hospitality to murder them. As for Robin-red-breasts in particular, it is not improbable they owe their security to the old ballad of *The children in the wood*. However it be, I don't know, I say, why this prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preservation of many

many innocent creatures, which are now exposed to all the wantonness of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reason, to be treated as common enemies, wherever found. The conceit that a Cat has nine lives has cost at least nine lives in ten of the whole race of them: scarce a boy in the streets but has in this point outdone *Hercules* himself, who was famous for killing a monster that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animosity against this useful domestic may be any cause of the general persecution of Owls (who are a sort of feathered cats) or whether it be only an unreasonable pique the moderns have taken to a serious countenance, I shall not determine: though I am inclined to believe the former; since I observe the sole reason alledged for the destruction of Frogs is because they are like Toads. Yet, amidst all the misfortunes of these unfriended creatures, 'tis some happiness that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them: for should our countrymen refine upon the *French* never so little, 'tis not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments, owls, cats, and frogs, may be yet reserved.

When we grow up to men, we have another succession of Sanguinary sports; in particular, hunting. I dare not attack a diversion which has such authority and custom to support it; but must have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of

that exercise, with the example and number of the chasers, not a little contributes to resist those checks, which compassion would naturally suggest in behalf of the animal pursued. Nor shall I say, with Monsieur *Fleury*, that this sport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity; but I must animadvert upon a certain custom yet in use with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the *Gotbs*, or even the *Scythians*: I mean that savage compliment our huntsmen pass upon Ladies of quality, who are present at the death of a Stag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpless, trembling, and weeping creature.

*Quæstusque cruentus,
Atque Imploranti similis.——*

But if our sports are destructive, our gluttony is more so, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobsters roasted alive, Pigs whipped to death, Fowls sewed up, are testimonies of our outrageous luxury. Those who (as *Seneca* expresses it) divide their lives betwixt an anxious conscience, and a nauseated stomach, have a just reward of their gluttony in the diseases it brings with it: for human savages, like other wild beasts, find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their destruction. I know nothing more shocking, or horrid, than the prospect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of the creatures expiring in tortures. It gives

gives one an image of a Giant's den, in a romance, besprewed with the scattered heads and mangled limbs of those who were slain by his cruelty.

THE GUARDIAN, V. 4. p. 248.

PASTORAL COMEDY.

I HAVE not attempted any thing of a Pastoral comedy, because, I think, the taste of our age will not relish a poem of that sort. People seek for what they call wit, on all subjects, and in all places; not considering that nature loves truth so well, that it hardly ever admits of flourishing. Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve. There is a certain majesty in simplicity, which is far above all the quaintness of wit: insomuch that the critics have excluded wit from the loftiest poetry, as well as the lowest, and forbid it to the Epic no less than the Pastoral. I should certainly displease all those who are charmed with *Guarini* and *Bonarelli*, and imitate *Tasso* not only in the simplicity of his Thoughts, but in that of the Fable too. If surprising discoveries should have place in the story of a Pastoral comedy, I believe it would be more agreeable to probability to make them the effects of chance than of design; intrigue not being very consistent with that innocence, which ought to constitute a shepherd's character. There is nothing in all the *Aminta* (as I remember) but happens by mere accident; unless it be the meeting of *Aminta* with *Sylvia* at the

fountain, which is the contrivance of *Daphne*; and even that is the most simple in the world: the contrary is observable in *Pastor Fido*, where *Corisca* is so perfect a mistress of intrigue, that the plot could not have been brought to pass without her. I am inclined to think the Pastoral comedy has another disadvantage, as to the manners: its general design is to make us in love with the innocence of a rural life, so that to introduce shepherds of a vicious character must in some measure debase it; and hence it may come to pass, that even the virtuous characters will not shine so much, for want of being opposed to their contraries.

LETTERS, V. 5. p. 44.

D O G S.

PLUTARCH, relating how the *Athenians* were obliged to abandon *Athens* in the time of *Themistocles*, steps back again out of the way of his history, purely to describe the lamentable cries and howlings of the poor dogs they left behind. He makes mention of one, that followed his master across the sea to *Salamis*, where he died, and was honoured with a tomb by the *Athenians*, who gave the name of *The Dog's Grave* to that part of the island where he was buried. This respect to a dog, in the most polite people in the world, is very observable. A modern instance of gratitude to a dog (though we have but few such) is, that the chief order of *Denmark* (now injuriously called the order of the *Elephant*) was instituted in memory

emory of the fidelity of a dog, named *Wild-brat*, to one of their Kings, who had been deserted by his subjects: he gave his Order this motto, or to this effect (which still remains), *Wild-brat was faithful*. Sir William Trumbull has told me a story, which he heard from one that was present: King Charles I. being with some of his court during his troubles, a discourse arose what sort of dogs deserved pre-eminence, and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the spaniel or grey-hound, the King gave his opinion on the part of the grey-hound, because (said he) it has all the Good-nature of the other without the Fawning. A good piece of satire upon his courtiers, with which I will conclude my discourse of dogs. Call me a *Cynic*, or what you please, in revenge for all this impertinence, I will be contented; provided you will but believe me, when I say a bold word for a *Christian*, that, of all dogs, you will find none more faithful than,

Yours, &c.

I B I D. p. 74.

L A U G H T E R.

AS the fooling and toying with a mistress is a proof of fondness, not disrespect, so is raillery with a friend. I know there are prudes in friendship, who expect distance, awe, and adoration; but I know you are not of them: and I, for my part, am no Idol-worshipper, though a *Papist*. If I were to address *Jupiter* himself in a heathen way, I fancy I should be apt to take hold of his knee, in a familiar manner, if not of his beard, like *Dionysius*;

flus; I was just going to say, of his buttons; but I think Jupiter wore none (however, I won't be positive to so nice a critic as you, but his robe might be subnected with a Fibula.) I know some philosophers define laughter, *A recommending ourselves to our own favour, by comparison with the weakness of another:* but I am sure I very rarely laugh with that view, nor do I believe children have any such consideration in their heads, when they express their pleasure this way: I laugh full as innocent as they, for the most part, and as filially. There is a difference, too, betwixt laughing *about* a thing and laughing *at* a thing: one may find the inferior man (to make a kind of casuistical distinction) provoked to folly at the sight or observation of some *circumstance of a thing*, when the *thing itself* appears solemn and august to the superior man, that is, our judgement and reason. Let an ambassador speak the best sense in the world, and deport himself in the most graceful manner before a Prince, yet if the tail of his shirt happens (as I have known it happen to a very wise man) to hang out behind, more people will laugh *at* that than attend to the other; till they recollect themselves, and then they will not have a jot the less respect for the minister. I must confess the iniquity of my countenance before you; several muscles of my face sometimes take an impertinent liberty with my judgement, but then my judgement soon rises, and sets all right again about my mouth: and I find I value no man so much, as

him

him in whose sight I have been playing the fool. I cannot be *sub persona* before a man I love; and not to laugh with honesty, when nature prompts, or folly (which is more a second nature than any thing I know), is but a knavish hypocritical way of making a mask of one's own face.—To conclude, those that are my friends I *laugh with*, and that are not I *laugh at*; so am merry in company; and if ever I am wise, it is all by myself. You take just another course, and to those that are not your friends, are very civil; and to those that are, very endearing and complaisant: thus, when you and I meet, there will be the *Rijs et Blandities* united together in conversation, as they commonly are in a verse. But without laughter on the one side, or compliment on the other, I assure you I am, with real esteem,

Your, &c.

IBID. p. 102.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

THE more I examine my own mind, the more romantic I find myself. Methinks it is a noble spirit of contradiction to Fate and Fortune, not to give up those that are snatched from us; but to follow them the more, the farther they are removed from the sense of it. Sure, Flattery never travelled so far as three thousand miles; it is now only for Truth, which overtakes all things, to reach you at this distance. 'Tis a generous

nerous piece of Popery, that pursues even those who are to be eternally absent into another world : whether you think it right or wrong, you'll own the very extravagance a sort of piety. I can't be satisfied with strewing flowers over you, and barely honouring you as a thing lost ; but must consider you as a glorious though remote being, and be sending addresses after you. You have carried away so much of me, that what remains is daily languishing and dying over my acquaintance here ; and, I believe, in three or four months more I shall think *Aurat Bazar* as good a place as *Covent-Garden*. You may imagine this is railly ; but I am really so far gone, as to take pleasure in reveries of this kind. Let them say I am romantic ; so is every one said to be, that either admires a fine thing, or does one. On my conscience, as the world goes, 'tis hardly worth any body's while to do one for the honour of it : Glory, the only pay of generous actions, is now as ill paid as other just debts ; and neither Mrs. *Macfarland*, for imolating her lover, nor you, for constancy to your Lord, must ever hope to be compared to *Lucretia* or *Portia*.

I write this in some anger ; for having, since you went, frequented those people most, who seemed most in your favour, I heard nothing that concerned you talked of so often, as that you went away in a black full-bottomed wig ; which I did but assert to be a bob, and was answered, *Love is blind.*

blind. I am persuaded your wig had never suffered this criticism, but on the score of your head, and the two eyes that are in it.

Pray, when you write to me, talk of yourself; there is nothing I so much desire to hear of: talk a great deal of yourself; that she who I always thought talked best, may speak upon the best subject. The shrines and reliques you tell me of, no way engage my curiosity; I had ten times rather go on pilgrimage to see one such face as yours, than both St. *John Baptist's* heads. I wish (since you are grown so covetous of golden things) you had not only all the fine statues you talk of, but even the golden image which *Nebuchadnezzar* set up, provided you were to travel no farther than you could carry it.

The court of *Vienna* is very edifying. The ladies, with respect to their husbands, seem to understand that text literally, that commands to *bear one another's burdens*: but, I fancy, many a man there is like *Iffachar*, an *ass* between *two burdens*. I shall look upon you no more as a *Christian*, when you pass from that charitable court to the land of jealousy. I expect to hear an exact account how, and at what places, you leave one of the thirty-nine articles after another, as you approach to the land of infidelity. Pray how far are you got already? Amidst the pomp of a high mass, and the ravishing

ravishing trills of a *Sunday* opera, what did you think of the doctrine and discipline of the church of *England*? Had you from your heart a reverence for *Sternbold* and *Hopkins*? How did your Christian virtues hold out in so long a voyage? You have, it seems (without passing the bounds of *Christendom*), out-travelled the sin of fornication: in a little time you'll look upon some others with more patience than the ladies here are capable of. I reckon, you'll time it so well as to make your religion last to the verge of *Christendom*, that you may discharge your Chaplain (as humanity requires) in a place where he may find some business.

I doubt not but I shall be told (when I come to follow you through those countries) in how pretty a manner you accommodated yourself to the customs of the true *Mussulmen*. They will tell me at what town you practised to sit on the Sopha, at what village you learned to fold a Turban, where you was bathed and anointed, and where you parted with your black full-bottom. How happy must it be for a gay, young woman, to live in a country where it is a part of religious worship to be *giddy-headed*! I shall hear at *Belgrade* how the good Bashaw received you with tears of joy, how he was charmed with your agreeable manner of pronouncing the words *Allab* and *Mubamed*; and how earnestly you joined with him in exhorting your friend to embrace that religion. But I think

his

his objection was a just one ; that it was attended with some circumstances under which he could not properly represent his *Britannic* Majesty.

Lastly, I shall hear how, the first night you lay at *Pera*, you had a vision of *Mahomet's* Paradise, and happily awaked without a soul ; from which blessed moment the beautiful body was left at full liberty to perform all the agreeable functions it was made for.

I see I have done in this letter, as I often have done in your company ; talked myself into a good humour, when I begun in an ill one : the pleasure of addressing to you makes me run on ; and 'tis in your power to shorten this letter as much as you please, by giving over when you please : so I'll make it no longer by apologies.

IBID. p. 122.

SICKNESS.

YOU formerly observed to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the disparity we often find in him, sick and well : thus one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views ; and, I hope, have received some advantage by it, if what *Waller* says, be true, that

The

*The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made.*

Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old-age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old-age ; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence upon our outworks. Youth, at the very best, is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age ; 'tis like a stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me, it has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much ; and I begin, where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures. When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am e'en as unconcerned as was that honest *Hibernian*, who being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer, 'What care I for the house ?'

house? I am only a lodger. I fancy 'tis the best time to die when one is in the best humour: and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought, that many men, whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks 'tis a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast, as they were used to do. The memory of man (as it is elegantly expressed in the Book of Wisdom) passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day. There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death.

“ For honourable age is not that which standeth in
 “ length of time, or is measured by number of
 “ years: But wisdom is the grey hair to men;
 “ and an unspotted life is old-age. He was taken
 “ away speedily, lest wickedness should alter his un-
 “ derstanding, or deceit beguile his soul.” &c.

I am, &c.

IBID. p. 183.

THE MANNERS OF A BOOKSELLER.

To the Earl of BURLINGTON.

MY LORD,

IF your Mare could speak, she would give an account of what extraordinary company she had on the road; which since she cannot do, I will.

It was the enterprising Mr. *Lintot*, the redoubtable rival of Mr. *Tonson*, who, mounted on a stone-horse (no disagreeable companion to your Lordship's mare), overtook me in *Windfor-forest*. He said, he heard I designed for *Oxford*, the seat of the Muses; and would, as my bookseller, by all means, accompany me thither.

I asked him where he got his horse? He answered, he got it of his Publisher: " For that rogue my
" Printer (said he) disappointed me: I hoped to
" put him in good humour by a treat at the tavern,
" of a brown fricasse of rabbits, which cost two
" shillings, with two quarts of wine, besides my
" conversation. I thought myself cock-sure of his
" horse, which he readily promised me, but said
" that Mr. *Tonson* had just such another design of
" going to *Cambridge*, expecting there the copy of
" a new kind of *Horace* from Dr. ——; and if Mr.
" *Tonson* went, he was pre-engaged to attend him,
" being to have the printing of the said copy.

" So,

“ So, in short, I borrowed this stone-horse of my
 “ Publisher, which he had of Mr. Oldmixon for a
 “ debt ; he lent me, too, the pretty boy you see after
 “ me : he was a smutty dog yesterday, and cost me
 “ near two hours to wash the ink off his face : but
 “ the Devil is a fair-conditioned Devil, and very
 “ forward in his Catechise : if you have any more
 “ bags, he shall carry them.”

I thought Mr. *Lintot*'s civility not to be neglected ; so gave the boy a small bag, containing three shirts, and an *Elzevir Virgil* ; and mounting in an instant, proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous stationer beside, and the aforesaid devil behind.

Mr. *Lintot* began in this manner : “ Now, damn
 “ them ! what if they should put it in the news-
 “ paper how you and I went together to *Oxford* ?
 “ what would I care ? If I should go down into
 “ *Suffex*, they would say I was gone to the Speaker :
 “ But what of that ? If my son were but big enough
 “ to go on with the busines, by G—d I would
 “ keep as good company as old *Jacob*.”

Hereupon I enquired of his son. “ The lad
 “ (says he) has fine parts, but is somewhat sickly ;
 “ much as you are—I spare for nothing in his
 “ education at *Westminster*. Pray don’t you think
 “ *Westminster* to be the best school in *England* ?
 “ Most of the late Ministry came out of it, so did

" many of this Ministry ; I hope the boy will make
 " his fortune."

Don't you design to let him pass a year at *Oxford*?
 " To what purpose ? (said he) the Universities do
 " but make Pedants, and I intend to breed him a
 " man of business."

As Mr. *Lintot* was talking, I observed he sat uneasy on his saddle, for which I expressed some solicitude : Nothing, says he, I can bear it well enough ; but since we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleasant for you to rest a-while under the woods. When we were alighted, " See, here,
 " what a mighty pretty kind of *Horace* I have in
 " my pocket ! what if you amused yourself in turn-
 " ing an ode, till we mount again ? Lord ! if you
 " pleased, what a clever Miscellany might you
 " make at your leisure hours ! " Perhaps I may, said I, if we ride on ; the motion is an aid to my fancy ; a round trot very much awakens my spirits : then jog on apace, and I'll think as hard as I can.

Silence ensued for a full hour : after which Mr. *Lintot* lugg'd the reins, stopp'd short, and broke out,
 " Well, Sir, how far have you gone ? " I answered, Seven miles. " Z—ds ! Sir, said *Lintot*, I thought
 " you had done seven stanzas. *Oldsworth*, in a
 " ramble round *Wimbledon-hill*, would translate a
 " whole ode in half this time. I'll say that for
 " *Oldsworth* (though I lost by his *Timothy's*), he
 " translates

“ translates an ode of *Horace* the quickest of any
 “ man in England. I remember Dr. *King* would
 “ write verses in a tavern three hours after he could
 “ not speak: and there’s Sir *Richard*, in that rum-
 “ bling old chariot of his, between *Fleet-ditch* and
 “ *St. Giles’s* pound, shall make you half a Job.”

Pray, Mr. *Lintot* (said I) now you talk of Trans-
 lators, what is your method of managing them?
 “ Sir, (replied he) those are the saddest pack of
 “ rogues in the world; in a hungry fit, they’ll
 “ swear they understand all the languages in the
 “ universe: I have known one of them take down
 “ a *Greek* book upon my counter, and cry, Ay,
 “ this is *Hebrew*, I must read it from the latter end.
 “ By G—d, I can never be sure in these fellows; for
 “ I neither understand *Greek*, *Latin*, *French*, nor
 “ *Italian*, myself. But this is my way; I agree with
 “ them for ten shillings per sheet, with a proviso,
 “ that I will have their doings corrected by whom I
 “ please: so by one or other they are led at last to
 “ the true sense of an author; my judgement giving
 “ the negative to all my translators.” But how are
 you secure those correctors may not impose upon
 you? “ Why, I get any civil gentleman, (especi-
 “ ally any *Scotchman*) that comes into my shop,
 “ to read the original to me in *English*; by this I
 “ know whether my translator be deficient, and
 “ whether my corrector merits his money or not.

“ I’ll tell you what happened to me last month:
 “ I bargained with S— for a new version of *Lu-*

“ *cretius*, to publish against *Tonson's*; agreeing to
“ pay the author so many shillings at his producing
“ so many lines. He made a great progress in a
“ very short time, and I gave it to the corrector
“ to compare with the *Latin*; but he went directly
“ to *Creech's* translation, and found it the same,
“ word for word, all but the first page. Now,
“ what d'ye think I did? I arrested the translator
“ for a cheat; nay, and I stopped the corrector's
“ pay too, upon this proof that he had made use
“ of *Creech* instead of the original.”

Pray tell me next how you deal with the Critics.
“ Sir, (said he) nothing more easy. I can silence
“ the most formidable of them: the rich ones with
“ a sheet a-piece of the blotted manuscript, which
“ costs me nothing; they'll go about with it to
“ their acquaintance, and say they had it from the
“ author, who submitted to their correction: this
“ has given some of them such an air, that in
“ time they come to be consulted with, and dedi-
“ cated to, as the top Critics of the town.—As
“ for the poor Critics, I'll give you one instance
“ of my management, by which you may guess at
“ the rest. A lean man, that looked like a very
“ good scholar, came to me t'other day; he turned
“ over your *Homer*, shook his head, shrugged up
“ his shoulders and pished at every line of it: One
“ would wonder (says he) at the strange presump-
“ tion of some men; *Homer* is no such easy task,
“ that every stripling, every versifier—He was
“ going on, when my wife called to dinner: Sir,
“ said

" said I, will you please to eat a piece of beef
 " with me? Mr. *Lintot*, (said he) I am sorry you
 " should be at the expence of this great book; I am
 " really concerned on your account—Sir, I am
 " much obliged to you: if you can dine upon a
 " piece of beef, together with a slice of pudding—
 " Mr. *Lintot*, I do not say but Mr. *Pope*, if he
 " would condescend to advise with men of learn-
 " ing—Sir, the pudding is upon the table, if
 " you please to go in—My critic complies, he
 " comes to a taste of your poetry, and tells me, in
 " the same breath, that your book is commendable,
 " and the pudding excellent.

" Now, Sir, (concluded Mr. *Lintot*) in return
 " to the frankness I have shewn, pray tell me, Is
 " it the opinion of your friends at court that my
 " Lord *Lansdown* will be brought to the bar or
 " not?" I told him, I heard he would not; and
 I hoped it, my Lord being one I had particular
 obligations to. " That may be (replied Mr. *Lin-
 tot*); but by G—d, if he is not, I shall lose the
 " printing of a very good Trial."

These, my Lord, are a few traits by which you
 may discern the genius of Mr. *Lintot*; which I
 have chosen for the subject of a letter. I dropt
 him as soon as I got to *Oxford*, and paid a visit to
 my Lord *Carleton*, at *Middleton*.

The conversations I enjoy here are not to be pre-
 judiced by my pen, and the pleasures from them
 only

only to be equalled when I meet your Lordship.
I hope in a few days to cast myself from your horse,
at your feet.

I am, &c.

IBID. p. 242.

DESCRIPTION OF A COUNTRY-SEAT.

To the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

(In answer to a Letter in which he inclosed the Description of
Buckingham-house, written by him to the D. of *Sb.*)

PLINY was one of those few authors who had a warm house over his head, nay, two houses; as appears by two of his epistles. I believe, if any of his contemporary authors durst have informed the public where they lodged, we should have found the garrets of *Rome* as well inhabited as those of *Fleet-street*; but 'tis dangerous to let creditors into such a secret; therefore we may presume that then, as well as now-a-days, nobody knew where they lived but their booksellers.

It seems, that when *Virgil* came to *Rome*, he had no lodging at all; he first introduced himself to *Augustus* by an epigram, beginning *Nocte pluit tota*—an observation which probably he had not made, unless he had lain all night in the street.

Where *Juvenal* lived, we cannot affirm; but in one of his satires he complains of the excessive price

of lodgings; neither do I believe he would have talked so feelingly of *Codrus*'s bed, if there had been room for a bedfellow in it.

I believe, with all the ostentation of *Pliny*, he would have been glad to have changed both his houses for your Grace's one; which is a country-house in the summer, and a town-house in the winter, and must be owned to be the properst habitation for a wise man, who sees all the world change every season without ever changing himself.

I have been reading the description of *Pliny*'s house, with an eye to yours; but finding they will bear no comparison, will try if it can be matched by the large country-seat I inhabit at present, and see what figure it may make by the help of a florid description.

You must expect nothing regular in my description, any more than in the house; the whole vast edifice is so disjointed, and the several parts of it so detached one from the other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that, in one of my poetical fits, I imagined it had been a village in *Amphion*'s time; where the cottages, having taken a country dance together, had been all out, and stood stone-still with amazement ever since.

You must excuse me, if I say nothing of the Front; indeed I don't know which it is. A stranger

ger would be grievously disappointed, who endeavoured to get into the house the right way. One would reasonably expect, after the entry through the porch, to be let into the hall: alas, nothing less! you find yourself in the house of office. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing-room; but, upon opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced, by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the Pigeon-house. If you come into the chapel, you find its altars, like those of the ancients, continually smoaking; but it is with the steams of the adjoining kitchen.

The great hall within is high and spacious, flanked on one side with a very long table, a true image of ancient hospitality: the walls are all over ornamented with monstrous horns of animals, about twenty broken pikes, ten or a dozen blunderbusses, and a rusty match-lock musquet or two, which we were informed had served in the civil wars. Here is one vast arched window, beautifully darkened with divers 'scutcheons of painted glass; one shining pane in particular bears date 1286, which alone preserves the memory of a Knight, whose iron armour is long since perished with rust, and whose alabaster nose is mouldered from his monument. The face of dame *Eleanor*, in another piece, owes more to that single pane than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. After this, who can say that glass is frail, when it is not half

so frail as human beauty, or glory ! and yet I can't but sigh to think that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every infant who flings a stone. In former days there have dined in this hall gartered Knights, and courtly Dames, attended by ushers, fewers, and seneschals ; and yet it was but last night, that an owl flew hither, and mistook it for a barn.

This hall lets you (up and down) over a very high threshold into the great parlour. Its contents are a broken-belly'd virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mildew'd pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look as dismally as if they came fresh from hell, with all their brim-stone about them : these are carefully set at the farther corner ; for the windows, being every where broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard-seed, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlour, as I said before, lies the pigeon-house ; by the side of which runs an entry, which lets you on one hand and t'other into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a small hole called the chaplain's study : then follow a brew-house, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy : a little farther on the right, the servants hall ; and by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet for her private devotions ; which has a lattice into the hall, intended

tended (as we imagine) that at the same time as she pray'd she might have an eye on the men and maids. There are upon the ground-floor, in all, twenty-six apartments ; among which I must not forget a chamber which has in it a large antiquity of timber, that seems to have been either a bedstead, or a cyder-preis.

The kitchen is built in form of the *Rotunda*, being one vast vault to the top of the house ; where one aperture serves to let out the smoke, and let in the light. By the blackness of the walls, the circular fires, vast cauldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, you would think it either the forge of *Vulcan*, the cave of *Polypheme*, or the temple of *Molech*. The horror of this place has made such an impression on the country people, that they believe the Witches keep their *Sabbath* here, and that once a year the Devil treats them with infernal venison, a roasted tiger stuffed with ten-penny nails.

Above stairs we have a number of rooms ; you never pass out of one into another but by the ascent or descent of two or three stairs. Our best room is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a bandbox. In most of these rooms there are hangings of the finest work in the world, that is to say, those which *Arachne* spins from her own bowels. Were it not for this only furniture, the whole would be a miserable scene of naked walls, flaw'd ceilings,

ceilings, broken windows, and rusty locks. The roof is so decayed, that after a favourable shower we may expect a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of our floors. All the doors are as little and low as those to the cabbins of packet-boats. These rooms have for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this seat, for the very rats of this venerable house are grey: since these have not yet quitted it, we hope at least that this ancient mansion may not fall during the small remnant these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another. There is yet a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

We had never seen half what I had described, but for a starch'd grey-headed Steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in this place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He entertained us as we passed from room to room with several relations of the family; but his observations were particularly curious when we came to the cellar: he informed us where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent, for toasts in a morning; he pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hoop'd hog-heads of strong beer; then stepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragments of an unframed picture: "This (says he, with tears) was

A a

" poor

“ poor Sir *Thomas* ! once master of all this drink. “ He had two sons, poor young masters ! who “ never arrived to the age of his beer ; they both “ fell ill in this very room, and never went out “ on their own legs.” He could not pass by a heap of broken bottles without taking up a piece, to shew us the Arms of the family upon it. He then led us up the tower by dark winding stone steps, which landed us into several little rooms one above another. One of these was nailed up, and our guide whispered to us as a secret the occasion of it: It seems the course of this noble blood was a little interrupted about two centuries ago, by a freak of the Lady *Frances*, who was here taken in the fact with a neighbouring Prior, ever since which the room has been nailed up, and branded with the name of the *Adultery-Chamber*. The ghost of lady *Frances* is supposed to walk there, and some prying maids of the family report that they have seen a Lady in a fardingale through the key-hole ; but this matter is hush'd up, and the servants are forbid to talk of it.

I must needs have tired you by this long description : but what engaged me in it, was a generous principle to preserve the memory of that, which itself must soon fall into dust, nay, perhaps part of it, before this letter reaches your hands.

Indeed we owe this old house the same kind of gratitude that we do to an old friend, who harbours

hours us in his declining condition, nay even in his last extremities. How fit is this retreat for uninterrupted study, where no one that passes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even those who would dine with us dare not stay under our roof! Any one that sees it, will own I could not have chosen a more likely place to converse with the dead in. I had been mad indeed if I had left your Grace for any one but *Homer*. But when I return to the living, I shall have the sense to endeavour to converse with the best of them, and shall therefore as soon as possible tell you in person how much I am, &c.

IBID. p. 247.

APOLOGY FOR HIS RELIGIOUS TENETS.

MY LORD,

I AM truly obliged by your kind condolence on my Father's death, and the desire you express that I should improve this incident to my advantage. I know your Lordship's friendship to me is so extensive, that you include in that wish both my spiritual and my temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendship, to open my mind unreservedly to you on this head. It is true I have lost a parent, for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent. But that was not my only tye; I thank God another still remains (and long may it remain) of the same tender nature; *Genitrix est mihi*—and excuse me if I say with *Euryalus*,

Nequeam lachrymas perferre parentis.

A rigid divine may call it a carnal tye, but sure it is a virtuous one: at least I am more certain that it is a duty of nature to preserve a good parent's life and happiness, than I am of any speculative point whatever.

*Ignaram hujus quodcunque pericli
Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?*

For she, my Lord, would think this separation more grievous than any other; and I, for my part, know as little as poor *Euryalus* did, of the success of such an adventure (for an adventure it is, and no small one, in spite of the most positive divinity). Whether the change would be to my spiritual advantage, God only knows; this I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now profess, as I can possibly ever do in another. Can a man who thinks so, justify a change, even if he thought both equally good? To such an one, the part of *Joining* with any one body of Christians might perhaps be easy, but I think it would not be so, to *Renounce* the other.

Your Lordship has formerly advised me to read the best Controversies between the Churches. Shall I tell you a secret? I did so at fourteen years old, (for I loved reading, and my father had no other books) there was a collection of all that had been written on both sides in the reign of King *James the Second*: I warmed my head with them; and the consequence was, that I found myself a Papist and a Protestant by turns, according to the last book I read. I am afraid most Seekers are in the same case,

ease, and when they stop, they are not so properly converted, as outwitted. You see how little glory you would gain by my conversion. And, after all, I verily believe your Lordship and I are both of the same religion, if we were thoroughly understood by one another; and that all honest and reasonable Christians would be so, if they did but talk enough together every day; and had nothing to do together, but to serve God, and live in peace with their neighbour.

As to the *temporal* side of the question, I can have no dispute with you; it is certain, all the beneficial circumstances of life, and all the shining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myself to fancy, what I think you do but fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I want health for it; and besides it is a real truth, I have less Inclination (if possible) than Ability. Contemplative life is not only my scene, but it is my habit too. I begun my life, where most people end theirs, with a disrelish of all that the world calls ambition: I don't know why 'tis called so, for to me it always seemed to be rather *stooping* than *climbing*. I'll tell you my politic and religious sentiments in a few words. In my politics, I think no further than how to preserve the peace of my life, in any government under which I live; nor in my religion, than to preserve the peace of my conscience, in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are so far of God, as they are rightly understood, and rightly administered:

tered: and where they are, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which whenever he does, it must be by greater instruments than I am. I am not a Papist, for I renounce the temporal invasions of the papal power, and detest their arrogated authority over Princes and States. I am a *Catholic* in the strictest sense of the word. If I was born under an absolute prince, I would be a quiet subject: but I thank God I was not. I have a due sense of the excellence of the *British* constitution. In a word, the things I have always wished to see, are not a *Roman Catholic*, or a *French Catholic*, or a *Spanish Catholic*, but a true *Catholic*: and not a King of Whigs, or a King of Tories, but a King of *England*. Which God of his mercy grant his present Majesty may be, and all future Majesties: You see, my Lord, I end like a preacher: this is *Sermo ad Clerum*, not *ad Populum*. Believe me, with infinite obligation and sincere thanks,
ever

Your, &c.

I BID. p. 322.

DEFENCE AGAINST A NOBLE LORD's REFLEXIONS.

THERE was another reason why I was silent as to that paper—I took it for a *Lady's* (on the printer's word in the title-page) and thought it too presuming, as well as indecent, to contend with one of that Sex in *altercation*: For I never was so mean a creature as to commit my Anger against a *Lady to paper*, though but in a *private Letter*. But soon after, her denial of it was brought to me by a Noble person of *real Honour and Truth*. Your Lord-

Lordship indeed said you had it from a Lady, and the Lady said it was your Lordship's; some thought the beautiful by-blow had *Two Fathers*, or (if one of them will hardly be allowed a man) *Two Mothers*; indeed I think *both Sexes* had a share in it, but which was *uppermost*, I know not: I pretend not to determine the exact method of this *Witty Fornication*: and, if I call it *Yours*, my Lord, 'tis only because, whoever got it, you brought it forth.

Here, my Lord, allow me to observe the different proceeding of the *Ignoble Poet*, and his *Noble Enemies*. What he has written of *Fanny*, *Adonis*, *Sappho*, or who you will, he owned, he published, he set his name to: What they have published of him, they have denied to have written; and what they have written of him, they have denied to have published. One of these was the case in the past Libel, and the other in the present; for, though the parent has owned it to a few choice friends, it is such as he has been obliged to deny, in the most particular terms, to the great Person whose opinion concerned him most.

Yet, my Lord, this Epistle was a piece not written in *haste*, or in a *passion*, but many months after all pretended provocation; when you was at *full leisure* at *Hampton-Court*, and I the object *singled*, like a *Deer out of Season*, for so ill-timed, and ill-placed a diversion. It was a *deliberate work*, directed to a *Reverend Person*, of the most *serious* and

and sacred character, with whom you are known to cultivate a strict correspondence, and to whom it will not be doubted, but you open your *secret sentiments*, and deliver your *real judgment* of men and things. This, I say, my Lord, with submission, could not but awaken all my *Reflection* and *Attention*. Your Lordship's opinion of me as a *Poet*, I cannot help; it is yours, my Lord, and that were enough to mortify a poor man; but it is not yours *alone*, you must be content to share it with the *Gentlemen* of the *Dunciad*, and (it may be) with many *more innocent* and *ingenious men*. If your Lordship destroys my *poetical character*, *they* will claim their part in the glory; but, give me leave to say, if my *moral character* be ruined, it must be *wholly* the work of *your Lordship*; and will be hard even for you to do, unless I *myself co-operate*.

How can you talk (my most worthy Lord) of all *Pope's Works* as so many *Libels*, affirm, that *he has no invention* but in *Defamation*, and charge him with *selling another man's labours printed with his own name*? Fye, my Lord, you forget yourself. He printed not his name before a line of the person's you mention; that person himself has told you and all the world, in the book itself, what part he had in it, as may be seen at the conclusion of his notes to the *Odyssey*. I can only suppose your Lordship (not having at that time *forgot your Greek*) despised to look upon the *Translation*; and ever since entertained too mean an opinion of the *Translator*

to cast an eye upon it. Besides, my Lord, when you said he *sold* another man's works, you ought in justice to have added that he *bought* them, which very much alters the *Case*. What he gave him was five hundred pounds: his receipt can be produced to your Lordship. I dare not affirm he was as *well paid* as *some Writers* (much his inferiors) have been since; but your Lordship will reflect that I am no man of Quality, either to *buy* or *sell* scribbling so high: and that I have neither *Place*, *Pension*, nor Power to reward for *secret Services*. It cannot be, that one of your rank can have the least *Envy* to such an author as I am; but, were that *possible*, it were much better gratified by employing *not your own*, but *some of those low and ignoble pens* to do you this *mean office*. I dare engage you'll have them for less than I gave Mr. *Broom*, if your friends have not raised the market: Let them drive the bargain for you, my Lord; and you may depend on seeing, every day in the week, as many (and now and then as pretty) Verses, as these of your Lordship.

And would it not be full as well, that my poor person should be abused by them, as by one of your rank and quality? Cannot *Curl* do the same? nay, has he not done it before your Lordship, in the same *kind of Language*, and almost the *same words*? I cannot but think, the worthy and *discreet Clergyman* himself will agree, it is *improper*, nay *unchristian*, to expose the *personal defects* of our brother; that both such perfect forms as yours, and such

such unfortunate ones as mine, proceed from the hand of the same *Maker*, who *fashioneth his Vessels* as he pleaseth; and that it is not from their *shape* we can tell whether they were made for *honour* or *dishonour*. In a word, he would teach you *Charity* to your greatest enemies; of which number, my Lord, I cannot be reckoned, since, though a Poet, I was never your flatterer.

Next, my Lord, as to the *Obscurity of my Birth*, (a reflection copied also from Mr. *Curl* and his *brehren*) I am sorry to be obliged to such a presumption as to name my *Family* in the same leaf with your Lordship's: but my Father had the honour in one instance to resemble you, for he was a *younger Brother*. He did not indeed think it a Happiness to bury his *elder Brother*, though he had one, who wanted some of those good qualities which *yours* possest. How sincerely glad could I be, to pay to that young Nobleman's memory the debt I owed to his friendship, whose early death deprived your family of as much *Wit* and *Honour* as he left behind him in any branch of it! But as to my Father, I could assure you, my Lord, that he was no Mechanic (neither a Hatter, nor, which might please your Lordship yet better, a Cobler), but in truth, of a very tolerable Family: And my Mother of an ancient one, as well born and educated as that *Lady*, whom your Lordship made choice of to be the *Mother of your own children*; whose merit, beauty, and vivacity, (if transmitted

mitted to your posterity) will be a better *present* than even the noble blood they derive *only* from *you*: A Mother, on whom I was never obliged so far to reflect, as to say, she *spoiled me*; and a Father, who never found himself obliged to say of me, that he *disapproved my Conduct*. In a word, my Lord, I think it enough, that my Parents, such as they were, never cost me a *Blush*; and that their Son, such as he is, never cost them a *Tear*.

I have purposely omitted to consider your Lordship's Criticisms on my *Poetry*. As they are exactly the same with those of the forementioned Authors, I apprehend they would justly charge me with partiality, if I gave to *you* what belongs to *them*; or paid more distinction to the *same things* when they are in your mouth, than when they were in theirs. It will be shewing both them and *you* (my Lord) a *more particular respect*, to observe how much they are honoured by *your imitation of them*, which indeed is carried through your whole Epistle. I have read somewhere at *School* (though I make it no *Vanity* to have forgot where) that *Tully* naturalized a few phrases at the instance of some of his friends. Your Lordship has done more in honour of these Gentlemen; you have authorized not only their *Assertions*, but their *Style*. For example, *A Flow that wants skill to restrain its ardour,—a Dictionary that gives us nothing at its own expence.—As luxuriant branches bear but little fruit, so Wit unprun'd is but raw fruit—*

While

While you rehearse ignorance, you still know enough to do it in Verse—Wits are but glittering ignorance.

—The account of how we pass our time—and, The weight on Sir R. W—'s brain. You can ever receive from no head more than such a head (as no head) has to give: Your Lordship would have said never receive instead of ever, and any head instead of no head. But all this is perfectly new, and has greatly enriched our language.

LETTERS, v. 6. p. 83.

LORD BOLINGBROKE'S RETREAT.

I NOW hold the pen for my Lord *Bolingbroke*, who is reading your Letter between two Hay-cocks; but his attention is somewhat diverted by casting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you say, but for fear of a shower. He is pleased with your placing him in the Triumvirate, between yourself and me; though he says that he doubts he shall fare like *Lepidus*, while one of us runs away with all the power, like *Augustus*, and another with all the pleasures, like *Anthony*. It is upon a foresight of this, that he has fitted up his farm, and you will agree, that this scheme of retreat at least is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from the Bath, all peccant humours, he finds, are purged out of him; and his great Temperance and Oeconomy are so signal, that the first is fit for my constitution, and the latter would enable you to lay up so much money as to buy a Bishoprick in *England*. As to the

the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might enquire of his Hay-makers; but as to his temperance, I can answer that (for one whole day) we have had nothing for dinner but mutton-broth, beans and bacon, and a barn-door fowl.

Now his Lordship is run after his Cart, I have a moment left to myself to tell you, that I over-heard him yesterday agree with a painter for 200*l.* to paint his country-hall with Trophies of rakes, spades, prongs, &c. and other ornaments merely to countenance his calling this place a farm.

IBID. p. 181.

THE DEATH OF MR. GAY.

IT is not a time to complain that you have not answered me two letters (in the last of which I was impatient under some fears): It is not now indeed a time to think of myself, when one of the nearest and longest ties I have ever had, is broken all on a sudden; by the unexpected death of poor Mr. Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died last night at nine o'clock, not deprived of his senses entirely at last, and possessing them perfectly till within five hours. He asked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast. His effects are in the Duke of *Queensbury's* custody. His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will.—

B b

Good

Good God ! how often are we to die before we go quite off this stage ! In every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left ! Few are worth praying for, and one's self the least of all.

I shall never see you now, I believe ; one of your principal calls to *England* is at an end. Indeed he was the most amiable by far, his qualities were the gentlest ; but I love you as well, and as firmly. Would to God the man we have lost had not been so amiable, nor so good ! but that's a wish for our own sakes, not for his. Sure, if Innocence and Integrity can deserve Happiness, it must be his. Adieu ! I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminish nothing from it.

I B I D. p. 259.

F I N I S.



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1

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